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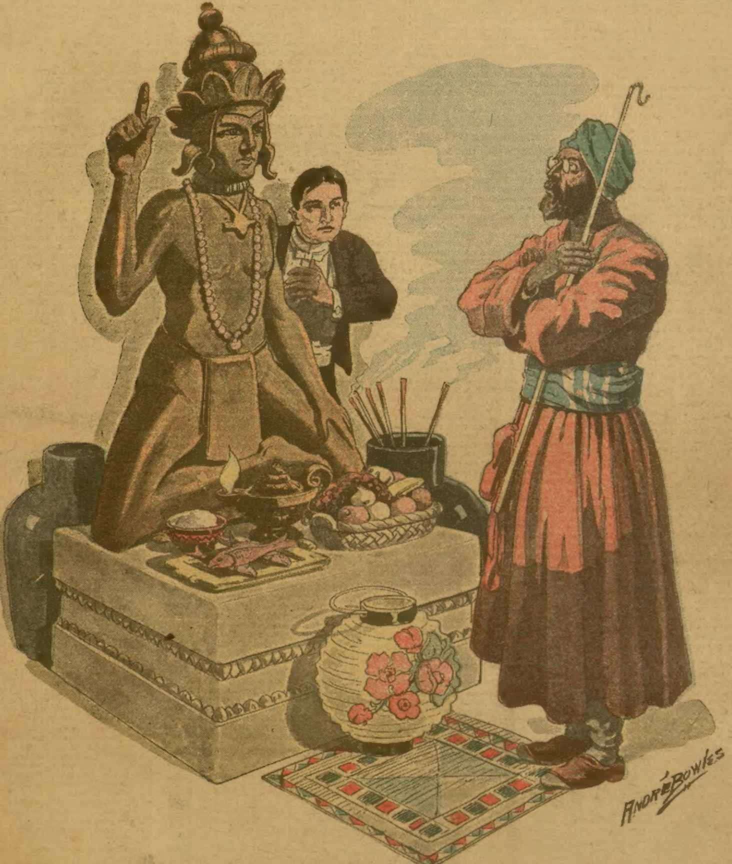

# THE BIDDLESTONE MYSTERY

## BY C. MACKIE

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### CHAPTER I.

### THE CLOSED DOOR.

JOSHUA BIDDLESTONE'S new secretary arrived at Biddlestone Hall at twilight of a wet May day.

The rain blotted out a glimpse of the quiet harbor where the millionaire's summer home was situated, and fell like a curtain of steel-gray beads over the dripping gardens, the vine-wreathed pergolas and the giant trees in the vast private park. The air was heavily sweet with the scent of locust blossoms, lilac and syringa.

"It looks gloomy enough now," muttered Peter Cable as the limousine stopped under the porte-cochere, "but with the sun shining it can't be a half-bad place."

But it was to happen that when the sun shone again on those lovely gardens Biddlestone Hall would be shrouded in the gloom of a great tragedy.

The hall door opened, showing an oblong of ruddy light, and a Japanese servant came and took Peter's luggage into the house. A Japanese butler met the new secretary in the hall and bowed a solemn welcome.

"Hraino will show you to the octagon room, sir," said Oduno.

"Will you tell Mr. Biddlestone that I have arrived?" requested Peter.

Again Oduno bowed.

"Mr. Biddlestone make request that the honorable secretary should be served with dinner in his room; at ten o'clock my master will see you in the library."

"Thank you," said Peter, puzzled at this arrangement for his reception.

He followed Hraino and the hand luggage up two flights of a noble, circular staircase to the third floor of the mansion, where the Japanese threw open the door of a snug room, octagon in shape and paneled in white. Crimson carpet and hangings gave a cheeriness to the room that was in strong contrast to the rainswept world without. On the hearth a ruddy fire blazed.

"This is great!" cried Peter as he removed his raincoat and flung himself into a great chair before the fire.

"Mr. Biddlestone are very thoughtful host," remarked Hraino gravely, as he left the room.

Peter rested for an hour and then

leisurely dressed for the evening, whistling softly the while.

But presently the whistle died on his lips and a most unaccountable depression seized his spirits.

"What in thunder is the matter with me?" he asked himself as his toilet completed, he resumed his seat in front of the fire. "Here am I, with nothing in the world to bother me; an excellent position as private secretary to one of the richest men in the country, splendid health and a bright future—it's this confounded house that's getting on my nerves—— It's so still! Hang it all, don't they make any noise here?"

As if in response to his complaint a gentle knock sounded at the door and presently Hraino staggered in under the weight of a large silver tray, which he placed on a small table near the fire.

In silence the man served the courses of a well cooked dinner, and presently he withdrew, leaving Peter alone with the coffee and cigars. As Peter lifted the little silver pot of coffee there came a slight sound in the room and a rush of damp air.

He turned quickly to find one of the French windows that opened on a tiny balcony wide open, and a girl's slender form framed in the opening. A pale, beautiful face was lifted in appeal to his.

"Oh, go away!" she gasped; "do not remain in this dreadful place! Death——" She vanished as suddenly as she came, and the broken sentence remained unfinished. A faint scream sounded.

Peter darted to the window and out upon the balcony, but there was no sign of his beautiful visitant. The balcony was deserted and the beat of the rain on his head soon drove him indoors again.

"It wasn't a dream," he muttered; "I'll ask Hraino when he comes in if there is a girl in the house—I understood Mr. Biddlestone to say that he lived alone without relatives. I'll leave the window open, perhaps she will return. She must have vanished within one of the other windows opening on this balcony."

Half an hour later Hraino returned and removed the tray.

"By the way, Hraino," remarked Peter carelessly, "are there guests stopping at Biddlestone Hall?"

While Hraino hesitated, a strain of music was wafted from below.

"Mr. Biddlestone entertains his most near relatives tonight—it is his birthday occasion and much festivity. All will depart in the morning, sir."

Hraino bowed himself out of the room, and Peter gave himself up to an hour of pleasant relaxation before the fire. Below, some one was playing the violin and a girl was singing "The Rosary."

"I wonder if that is my visitor," mused Peter; "and what could she have meant by uttering that strange warning? Perhaps she is demented and some attendant captured her just in time—but, Jove, she was lovely! Just the type I have dreamed of falling in love with some day—hazel eyes, golden-brown hair——" Peter drowsed off to sleep while he recounted the charms of his ideal sweetheart.

Somewhere a clock was striking ten when he awoke. He jumped to his feet with an ejaculation of dismay. He was to go to his new employer at ten o'clock, and his recollection of the iron old man who had interviewed him hinted that he must present himself on time.

Peter switched off the lights and went rapidly down the richly carpeted staircase with its fine mahogany balustrade. The newel post at each floor supported a unique bronze lamp of Japanese design—a thing of twisted dragons whose forked tongues spat forth a light, shaded by a delicate structure of bamboo and silk.

A strange, uncanny silence brooded over the great house. No sound broke the deathlike stillness.

There were no servants in sight and no indication of the guests who had gathered to celebrate old Joshua Biddlestone's birthday. A vista of brilliantly lighted, empty rooms stretched away on either side of the entrance hall. Peter walked slowly through a sun parlor with its comfortable wicker furniture, and paused for an instant at the top of a flight of three steps that led down into a stately dining-room.

A table was laid for five persons, but there was evidence that no one had sat down to it. Everything was in place, and food in silver dishes on the great sideboard was untouched. What had happened to prevent Joshua Biddlestone and his guests from sitting down to that birthday feast?

Peter passed through the dining-room to the butler's pantry and kitchens beyond. Everywhere was the same singular evidence of hasty desertion. Food was losing its savor in pots and pans and the pantry showed many delicacies intended for the feast, the crowning glory of which was a magnificent birthday cake.

Peter counted the candles. There were seventy-seven—to mark the years of Joshua Biddlestone's life. The young man felt his heart warm toward these unseen relatives who had tried to make the occasion a joyful one to the lonely old man. But what had happened to banish them all from the scene?

The dinner hour must have been long ago—since then he had received a strange warning from a lovely girl, and after that had he not heard a girl singing downstairs?

Puzzled, he found his way back to the entrance hall, and went through the drawing-room and the adjoining apartments. But the same unaccountable stillness reigned everywhere.

To all appearances he was alone in Biddlestone Hall, unless there were other family apartments which he had not seen. Of course, there was Mr. Biddlestone's library—with the thought came recollection of his employer's message. He was to go to Mr. Biddlestone at ten, and now his watch showed the hour to be ten-thirty.

Further down the hall was a closed door. He had not tried to gain admission there. It was undoubtedly Mr. Biddlestone's private room—the library. Now he went to the door and, with his hand on the knob, he knocked softly. As if in response to that signal, there was a clicking sound repeated from room to room, as every light in the house died out, leaving the new secretary standing in total darkness outside that closed door.

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## CHAPTER II.

## THE HOUSE OF FEAR.

SOMEWHERE in the house a clock chimed the half hour. Peter's shoulders stiffened as his hand turned the knob and the door noiselessly opened upon velvet-black darkness. Within this room was silence. But it was a different silence—a silence pregnant with sound—what had happened here to make the silence so dreadful?

Peter moved cautiously over soft carpets, groping for a table where he might find matches. His own matchbox was upstairs in the octagon room. His hand fumbled over the surface of a polished table, and suddenly came in contact with a human face! A face bowed upon the table, icy cold—cold as death.

He shivered at the icy contact and resumed his search for matches. Something, moist and sticky, was soaking into the blotting pad and he knew it was blood that stained his hands. What awful thing had happened here in this house? Where were the servants he had seen? The guests he had heard? Where was the master of the house?

Something told him that the master of the house might be here in the library, cold in death!

Murder!

With the thought came an awakening from his stupor of horror. He returned to the door, groped his way through labyrinthine passages to the kitchens, somehow found matches and candles, and returned to the library.

Everywhere through the house was darkness and silence.

The lighted candle made a faint oasis of light in the darkness of the vast room. Peter crossed the floor, searching for the chair that held its grewsome burden. There was the massive furniture he had stumbled over; the Jacobean table and settee; the bookcases, dark and richly carved; the heavy chairs—that was all. The chair before the table was empty of its occupant. The room was quite empty.

Peter touched the blotting pad with tentative fingertips and found that it was moistened. Then he had not been dreaming after all!

The thought electrified him to action. If there was a mystery in that house, he would solve it. The first thing to do was to arm himself and provide himself with a light.

Somewhere in that apparently deserted mansion there were miscreants who, during his brief absence in the kitchens, had removed the dead body from the library.

What a house of horrors this was! No wonder the girl had warned him—and where was that girl who had warned him?

With a candle in either hand, dripping wax over the splendid carpets of halls and stairs, Peter hastened up to his room, pausing only to assure himself that the bedchambers were also untenanted.

In the octagon room was his luggage, and it took only a moment to find his weapons and change to a loose sack coat into the pocket of which he dropped cartridges and an electric torch.

Reluctantly enough he picked up his candles and left the octagon room with its comfortable bed, its warm fire and its atmosphere of coziness—and safety!

Peter mentally berated himself for the unaccountable feeling of uneasiness that assailed him in the silent house.

"There isn't the slightest doubt but that the whole business can be explained in the most lucid manner," he insisted as he went down the circular staircase.

Again he was in the library, and aided by the candles and his torchlight Peter Cable searched every inch of the great room for more tangible evidence of the crime and its perpetrators. There was nothing save that ominous damp spot on the blotting pad.

Then he groped behind velvet hangings, and found that the library possessed four long windows—all locked and bolted, and two doors besides the one by which he had entered. One door, locked on the library side, he opened. It gave entrance into a deserted drawing-room.

The other door, a narrow one beside the fireplace, led into a deep closet the corners of which were lost in obscurity. Peter stepped within the closet and flung the brilliant ray of his torch around.

On either side were narrow shelves filled with dusty volumes, boxes of stationery, ink bottles, and a clutter of rubbish. There was just room to squeeze between the shelves to a little space at the other end where something white gleamed on the floor.

Peter stooped to pick it up, and discovered it to be a tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and torn. Across one corner was the delicate embroidery of a girl's name.

"June."

Who was June?

Was she the girl who had uttered that dire warning? Was she the sweet singer whose pure voice had charmed him? And why was her handkerchief here with that telltale stain of blood upon its purity?

As this last question assailed his understanding, Peter felt a sudden rush of air as the closet door closed violently and the bolt grated noisily into its socket. Peter flung himself against the door, but its oak planks were like iron walls. What unseen enemy had watched his movements in that grewsome room where murder had been?

"Whoever he is, I'm his prisoner now!" gritted Peter as he drew his automatic revolver and put it against the door panel and fired.

As the sound of the shot died away in muffled echoes there came from somewhere near at hand a woman's agonized cry of fear.

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## CHAPTER III.

## WHOSE HAND?

PETER CABLE listened intently, but the cry was not repeated. He was positive that it had not issued from the library, into which the sound of the revolver shot must have penetrated; on the contrary, the sound seemed to proceed from the rear of the closet, as if separated only by a thin partition wall.

There came no further outcry, and the young secretary stepped back to the rear of the closet, against which stood a narrow bookcase. His foot tripped over a loose board in the floor and his whole weight fell heavily against the bookcase. He was conscious of a sensation of falling into space, then he struck against a closed door.

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"I'm turned around," he muttered dazedly. "Here is the library door again. Let me get out of this stifling hole and I'll unravel this confounded mystery." He rattled the doorknob, and to his amazement it turned easily and the door opened into darkness. Peter flashed his torch, and discovered himself in the familiar surroundings of the library, but somehow everything had undergone a most peculiar change.

A thick layer of white dust covered everything, even to the blotting pad. He brushed away the dust, but could find no evidence of the telltale bloodstain on the ink-blotted surface.

And while he stood there, doubting the evidences of his own senses, the little storage battery that supplied his electric torch with life suddenly lost power and he was once more plunged in darkness.

"Once more to the kitchen after candles," he decided grimly, for Peter Cable was not one to submit to opposition.

He groped his way to the hall door, passed out into the dark hall, remembered that the turning was to the right, and proceeded down a thickly carpeted passageway. Suddenly he stopped short and listened. From somewhere in the great mansion there came a dim confusion of sound; a snuffling, growling noise, punctuated by cries that grew clearer, as if they approached from some upper region.

What other surprises were being prepared for him in this most amazing house on the Sound?

Accompanying the cries was the tread of running feet. From his position in the lower hall, Peter judged that several persons were fleeing from some dreaded thing, and he could hear when first one and then another sought refuge in some upper room until at last, when the sounds reached the circular staircase there remained only one pair of light, flying feet, and the heavy, ominous tread of the relentless pursuer.

Peter heard the rustle of skirts and knew that a woman was in flight. He dashed to the foot of the staircase just as the flying little feet reached the hall and whirled around toward him. He reached out an arm and a warm little hand met his own. There was a frightened scream and the hand tugged against him.

"Come!" he whispered reassuringly; "come, I will save you!"

"Thank God!" she sobbed brokenly; "I thought it had caught me. Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The thundering feet on the stairway were almost upon them as they turned and fled down the nearest passage. Peter hoped that it led to some door that gave exit upon the garden; even the drenching rain outside would be better than the horrors of that house wrapped in utter darkness. The girl ran with him, panting as if almost exhausted, and uttering sobbing cries of fright.

"Who is it that you fear?" breathed Peter as they ran on through the apparently endless passage.

"I do not know!" was the astonishing answer. "It is something great and black and it carries murder in its two bare hands. Help me get out of this—I believe my mother is safe for the present—but stay!"

Peter paused, and the girl leaned breathlessly against his strong arm.

"What is it?" he demanded sharply.

"My mother!" she sobbed brokenly. "I think she ran into one of the upper rooms. If it fails to catch us, it may go back to the upper hall—and I cannot let my mother die!"

"No—no—of course we cannot, but don't you see that undoubtedly she has had an opportunity to barricade herself safely? Ah, here comes the enemy!"

He pulled her forward and they resumed their flight, turning and twisting among the maze of passages until the sound of those menacing footsteps was left far behind.

Peter discovered that they were at the foot of a flight of steep, narrow stairs that mounted up to the next floor.

"Let us sit down for a moment," he urged. "I must find out what has happened here tonight so that I shall know what to do."

But the girl protested.

"Ah, we cannot stay—it is coming, do you not hear it?"

From the darkness came the cautious shuffling of a heavy tread. The unseen enemy was craftily creeping upon them.

While they hesitated there was a sudden rush from the rear; the woman whose hand he held tightly in his own, fell limply into his arms, just as something seized his shoulders and he felt a hot, snuffling breath against his neck.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## AN UNSEEN FOE.

PETER dropped the girl's unconscious form and strove to turn and grapple with those long, hairy arms that hugged his throat in a deathlike grip.

But the strength of the unseen foe was almost superhuman, and Peter could never have overcome his adversary by main force. While apparently succumbing to that strangling grasp Peter slipped down in the encircling arms until his own hands could grip a pair of ankles.

He tugged suddenly, the massive bulk

sank away from him, the arms loosened, and the enemy, whatever it was, went down to the floor with a bellow of rage and a resounding crash that found an echo through reverberating passages.

Silence.

Peter leaned against the wall and sighed.

"Are you all right?" the girl whispered tensely.

The note of concern in her sweet voice brought a strange thrill to Peter's well controlled pulses.

"Yes," he whispered in reply. "But we must get away from this before he regains consciousness."

"He?" she questioned. "Then you have discovered its identity?"

"No—I have only guessed. Take my hand—there—let us be off—do you know the ins and outs of this house?"

The girl's grasp on his hand tightened.

"I thought I did," she moaned softly; "but after—after THAT happened in the library—oh!" She caught her breath in sudden fear.

"After that happened in the library?" he prompted her with sinking heart, for this girl must be the one named June—the owner of the blood-stained handkerchief.

And were her little hands also stained with the blood of an old man?

"Impossible!" Peter told his troubled heart.

"After that happened in the library?" he repeated once more.

"Why—why—everything seemed changed somehow—nothing looked the same—it was as if years of neglect and desolation and decay had passed over the place." She shuddered.

"I noticed that," agreed Peter.

There was a stirring sound from the floor; a muffled groan as from an animal in pain.

"Come!" muttered Peter, and hand in hand they went upstairs, the man and the girl who had met in the darkness—strangers indeed, but companions now in an adventure of great danger and mystery.

At the top of the steps Peter discovered a door. This he closed and bolted securely.

With the unseen enemy below, slowly recovering from his heavy fall, they might have time to escape to some safe place until dawn.

Peter whispered these reassuring words to his companion, and before she could reply a clock struck in some distant room.

"Eleven?" cried Peter incredulously. "Why, it is more than a half hour since I went downstairs to speak to Mr. Biddlestone."

The girl wrenched herself free of him.

"You?" she breathed sharply. "It was not you who—oh, of course, it could not have been you who ended the life of that grand old man! Forgive me for the dreadful thought. Because I know—I know—that is my dreadful secret!"

"You know who killed Joshua Biddlestone?" gasped Peter.

"Yes, but I can never, never tell! Oh! I wish I was dead!" She broke into strangled sobs.

"Don't cry," comforted Peter, although his own heart was cold with a chilling conviction. He knew with the blinding flash of enlightenment which often reveals a great love that he was fated to love this girl with whom he had faced death this evening; no matter what crime she had committed he vowed himself to her protection and defence. Had she not warned him earlier that evening? If not—well, he would soon find out!

"It was you who came to the window off the octagon room and warned me to leave the house?" he demanded.

"Yes!" she cried tensely. "Ah! Why did you not go while there was yet time?"

He laughed grimly.

"Because I do not run away from danger! Now I am glad I remained!"

"Ah! You are a man!"

He blushed in the darkness. Her soft hair brushed his hand. There was a perfume of fresh roses that sweetened the dusty atmosphere of the house.

"And you—you are June!" he accused.

"Why, how did you know?" she faltered.

"I found a handkerchief," he explained briefly. "Please tell me the rest of your name."

"I am June Delmore," she said rapidly. "My mother and I arrived here tonight—my mother to assume the duties of housekeeper to Mr. Biddlestone; and I was to take care of the household accounts—we were so happy and now everything has ended horribly. I met my mother coming from the library—and I went in and saw HIM. I dropped my handkerchief coming through the cupboard at first.

"Tell me about it," urged Peter, his ear inclined for the slightest sound from the darkness that enwrapped them like a sable velvet cloak.

"There is not much to tell. My mother knew Mr. Biddlestone in her youth. He wrote for her to come East and assume charge of his house. He spoke of some great trouble that overshadowed the declining years of his life, and said he would tell her the details when she arrived.

"Now, we shall never know, for his life is ended! We found that several relatives had unexpectedly arrived to spend his birthday with him—he appeared much vexed at their coming; said that they were scarcely known to him—and he called them vultures!

"I did not like them—there was Mrs. Weems, her daughter Blanca, and her nephew Afred Griswold." June shuddered and unconsciously her hand tightened in that of her protector.

"Was that you singing?" asked Peter.

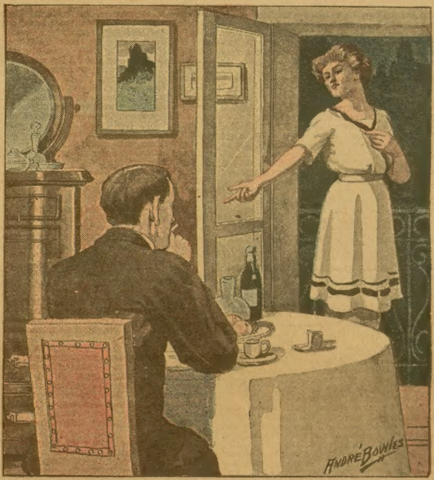
"Yes—I sang to please them—and to hide the fact that I knew—I knew the horrible thing that had happened in the library."

"And the Thing that pursued us in the darkness—when did it first appear?"

"Just as the gong sounded for dinner—my mother and I became separated and I hope—I pray she is safe!"

"Of course she is," assured puzzled Peter, who could make little sense out of the muddle of events of the night. "And so it was you who came to warn me!"

"Yes—we all knew you had arrived. It was after that I became separated from my mother. Hark! What is that?" She clung to him in a panic of fear.



*"Oh, go away!" she gasped.*

From out of the darkness something hurled itself upon them and tore the girl out of Peter's grasp. His hand vainly tried to detain other hands—not the hands of his first assailant—but small, steel-muscled, supple hands that evaded his hold upon them. The lithe body of the owner of the hands wriggled away from him, bearing June Delmore's slender form in its steely hold. Peter dashed forward in pursuit, plunged into space and fell with a crash down the circular staircase.

After that there was another dread silence in the House of Fear.

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### CHAPTER V.

### WHERE IS JUNE DELMORE?

PETER CABLE awoke to dazed consciousness and a stinging pain in his head. Before he could open his eyes or move his bruised limbs he became aware that cold hands were groping over his face. Instinct prompted him to remain rigidly quiet.

The cold clawlike hands crawled over his face, down to his quiet pulses, and finally to his heart.

"Ah!" came in a whistling breath of intense satisfaction.

Peter's anger rose hotly. Who was it in this house who could reasonably delight in his death? Was the place infested with criminals and was his presence there recognized as a menace to their evil designs?

Hands laid rude hold of his feet and he was unceremoniously dragged over carpeted floors where dust rose in clouds that choked his nostrils.

Peter opened his eyes and saw that, although his surroundings were in total darkness, somewhere in the remote distance a feeble light flickered. Once the head of his captor appeared against the light, but it was lowered so quickly that Peter could gain no idea of the person in whose hands he had fallen.

While every instinct protested at the rough treatment he was receiving, caution advised that he might be led to some definite spot where the mysterious events of the night would be revealed to him.

Then he became aware that as they advanced through dark spaces the light flickered on ahead until at last it stopped.

Other footsteps now approached, a muttered conversation took place, and rough hands caught his head and shoulders. He was borne down a steep staircase to some damp cellar region where the air was musty with the smell of ancient wine.

Now there was the shuffle of feet on stone pavements and occasionally the furtive glimpse of a vaulted doorway or a cobwebbed corner, when Peter dared to lift his eyelids slightly.

At last he was tossed down on the stones, while pungent smells of opium and incense assailed his senses. Low-toned conversation in some foreign tongue now took place, and presently the voices ceased and the speakers went away, apparently leaving Peter Cable for dead in that subterranean room.

When at last he ventured to open his eyes they fell on a most unusual scene.

A swinging bronze lamp before a low, stone altar, showed the massive image of a great bronze idol. Peter recognized it as an image of that remarkable idol, Da-Fou-Jan, dedicated to the commemoration of Buddha, the original of which is seventy-six feet high and is hidden among the Thousand Caverns of Indo-China.

What was it doing here in this quite modern and entirely up-to-date country home of Joshua Biddlestone down on Long Island Sound?

"It is only another unanswered question," muttered Peter, taking note of his surroundings.

There was the room itself, a stone-walled apartment, evidently an abandoned wine-cellar, for in one corner was a large hogshead, and above it empty bottle racks.

The stone floor was scattered with grass mats and the altar bore a few votive offerings—some fruit in a basket, a few fish on a plate, a dish of rice, and a great number of incense sticks glowing redly and sending up fragrant spirals of gray smoke.

The squatting image was perhaps seven feet in height; its Oriental face wore a smug grin, its eyes, of some glistening substance, looked down between puffy eyelids, and one broad, square-fingered hand was raised in admonition, while the other hand rested flatly on the left knee. The altar on which the idol stood was placed across one corner of the room, and it was this fact that gave inspiration to Peter Cable.

If he could conceal himself behind the idol, the hiding-place would afford him an opportunity to learn the identity of the mysterious invaders of Biddlestone Hall, and, incidentally, gain a clew to the murderer of Joshua Biddlestone, learn the truth about the mysterious Shape which had pursued them through the house, and finally to trace the person who had snatched June Delmore from his arms in the upper corridor of Biddlestone Hall.

The thought of June sent the blood hotly through his veins. He had gained his feet now and was halfway to the altar when the thought of June sent him toward the entrance to the cellar. He could not remain in hiding here while June suffered unknown torture. He must seek her.

The sound of approaching feet stumbling down the distant stairway compelled flight; Peter darted back to the idol, crowded into the triangular space behind the colossal form, and peered out breathlessly through a fold in the drapery.

There entered the underground temple three gigantic forms—dark-skinned Hindus with nobly chiseled features beneath their turbans. Their garments gleamed in the light of a strange oil lamp carried by the foremost of the group, who also bore in his left hand a sharp-pointed, short-bladed dagger.

The leader glanced fiercely around the room, and turned to his followers.

"Where?" he asked shrilly; "where is the dog?"

His companions looked guiltily at each other, darted toward the spot where they had left Peter for dead, made a hurried search of the room and turned empty, despairing hands toward their leader.

"Gone!" they muttered shamefacedly.

"Gone!" he thundererd contemptuously. "Go—pigs! You are not men, for a woman has already escaped your weak hands tonight, and now, the man who so nearly killed our master! Out of my sight—your souls are only fit for vultures to feed upon!" he taunted them as they slunk away.

Peter Cable, watching that stern, brooding countenance, before the altar of the strange Eastern god, felt a chill of fear at the thought that June Delmore might have fallen into those relentless hands.

If she had, death would have been her portion, as it already had been the portion of Joshua Biddlestone on this ill-fated night of Peter's arrival at Biddlestone Hall.

Where was June Delmore?

While the Hindu brooded under the swinging lamp, Peter watched him and tortured himself with the question, not knowing that the question was to be answered in the most unexpected manner.

"June!" he breathed sharply; "oh, June Delmore, where are you now?"

The conclusion of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

### NATURE STUDY.

The sky's preposterously blue;
Is that its customary hue?
I notice, now, your eyes are, too—
A fact I had not known before;
And, as I live, the grass is green,
Its like, I think, I've never seen,
And you are fairer than a queen!
I like you more and more.

How strange to see the breezes blow
The apple blossoms to and fro!
Now, tell me, is it really so
That May's always like this?
I did not know that birds could sing
So many kinds of songs in spring;
Meanwhile I would give anything
For just one tiny kiss!

Here's something I can't understand—
I tremble when I touch your hand;
To hold it—say, that would be grand!
Much joy must therein lurk.
Whoe'er so happy was as I?
Here, in my bliss I'd sit and sigh,
But then, perhaps we'd better try
To find the license clerk!

* * *

## Waiting for the Boss.

Wherever Henry Labouchere went, his strange and interesting personality made itself felt. He was one of those men about whom numberless good stories, authentic and otherwise, cluster. The following is a true one:

Labouchere was appointed an attache to Mr. Crampton, the British minister at Washington. During one of Mr. Crampton's absences from the legation, the young man had an opportunity of exercising the official reserve and discretion for which the English diplomats have always been so famous. An American citizen called one morning to see Mr. Crampton. "I want to see the boss," he said.

"You can't; he's out," replied Labouchere, "But you can see me."

"You are no good," replied the American. "I must see the boss. I'll wait."

"Very well," calmly said the attache and went on with his letter writing.

The visitor sat down and waited for a considerable time. At last he came up to Labouchere and said: "I've been waiting around here two hours. Has the chief come in yet?"

"No. You'll see him drive up to the front door when he returns."

"How long do you reckon it will be before he comes?"

"Well," said Labouchere, "he went to Canada yesterday. I should say he'll be here in about six weeks."

* * *

## It Didn't Matter.

It was well known among his friends that Jake Levinsky wanted to marry.

"Say, Levinsky," said his friend Solinger, "they tell me you're looking for a wife."

"Yes; but, of course, if I do get one she must be rich, pretty, young, well educated and respectable."

"Oh, come off, Jake; a girl like that would be crazy to marry you."

"Crazy she can be, too."

# Gold and the Girl

## Or, A Cattle Man's Grit

### By Wilder Anthony

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## CHAPTER V.

### MURDER.

"HOW do you think you'd like to live in Moondance?"

Wade looked whimsically at Helen, as she picked her way with the grace of a kitten through the dust of the main street. Carefully though she walked, her shoes and the bottom of her skirt were covered with the dust, and gray with it.

"I shouldn't like it," she said, with a moue. "I don't see why you stay here. You aren't, always, are you?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Not—for always?" She stopped and was looking into his face with delicious dismay. "That would be dreadful."

"Most of my friends and all of my business interests are here. Besides, I have a kind of pride in growing up with this country. Back in the East things have been settled so long that a man's only a cog in a machine. Out here a man has a sense of ownership, even in the hills. I think it's because he gets closer to the soil, until he comes to love it."

"Oh, dear!" said the girl. "That sounds fine, but the reality isn't up to my anticipation of it."

Wade laughed in his hearty way.

"That's only because you haven't been here long enough, Helen."

"There are things that are splendid about the West," she admitted generously. "Its bigness and wholesomeness, and especially its men. I'm sure that's why I first liked you, Gordon, because you seemed so much more of a man than the milksops that we Eastern girls have to put up with."

"Oh, there are lots of good men East, too."

"Not so very many. At least, I haven't met many that were worth while. There's one, Maxwell Frayne, who has been plaguing me, but I don't care for him, much." She was closely watching him, and smiled when he started.

"You'd better not."

"But if I really thought you were going to stay here all the time, I'd love him devotedly. Now"—she eyed him mischievously—"I think it would be nice to call this home, don't you know, just for fun, and then to spend most of the time in London and Paris. See that man looking at me!"

"How, looking at you?"

Wade turned in the direction she indicated, surprised at the suggestion that she was being annoyed in Moondance, where chivalry to women ran high and especially when she was with him.

"Oh, he didn't mean anything, I dare say."

"They're friends of mine, and curious, perhaps." He referred to the group of men before the stable, who did appear to be staring and talking, with some indecision in their attitude. "I wonder if anything has happened. Oh, I guess not. Well, what would I do in London?"

"I didn't say anything about you being in London, did I?"

"Well, it's pretty safe to say that where you were I'd want to be, at any rate. Didn't I go to Chicago twice to see you?" demanded Wade, who was fast slipping into the thrall of her seductions.

She viewed him through half-closed eyes, knowing that the pose had always fascinated him.

"Don't you think you'd be kept busy looking after me?" she playfully asked. "Seriously, I hate an idle man, but I don't know what you'd find to do there. What a question! You'd have to have investments that would take you over every once in so often."

"Now you're trying to make an Eastern man of me." He spoke ruefully. "Besides," he added, and a dogged note had crept into his voice, "I'd have the right to expect something of you, wouldn't I?"

"Not the right but the privilege," she archly answered.

"This is where the Purnells live." He guided her into the pathway to the door. "This is what I'd like, just a little home like this, with a couple of children and some dogs. Then I could go out to the ranch every day."

Before Helen could reply to this Mrs. Purnell appeared on the threshold to welcome them, but to Wade's surprise she told them that Dorothy was not there.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Helen, with intense relief.

"I don't know where she went, either," the mother went on. "She was out for a few minutes soon after you left, Gordon. Then she came back and called out something to me, but I didn't catch what she said. Before I knew what was what she'd saddled the pony and gone off. But come right in. I expect she'll not be long."

They entered and Helen, graciously choosing to overlook the fact that this was evidently his second visit there within a very short space of time, sought to impress him with her tactfulness to Mrs. Purnell. She would have been amazed could she have known that she was actually arousing him to resentment. He felt that she was patronizing their hostess, who was a woman of refinement, even if she lacked the artificiality of manner which characterized social Washington. He was glad when the visit came to an end.

"You must come again," said Mrs. Purnell, in a spirit of friendliness.

"So glad to have met you," said Helen. "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting your daughter, too, before we leave Moondance."

"They're splendid women, both of them," said Wade, as he and she walked toward the main street again.

"Oh, yes," Helen agreed. "Nice, comfortable home people, I suppose."

"Best kind in the world."

"Gordon!" Helen laughed good-naturedly, facing him as she walked. "What in the world has been the matter with us today? We usually get on so well together, and today, if I do say it, only my unwillingness to quarrel has kept us from it."

"Oh, no!" He smiled, too. "Maybe that London and Paris business rubbed me the wrong way of the fur. I have lots of faults, but I'm loyal to my friends. I don't even like insinuations that they aren't the best friends a man could have."

"But I haven't——"

"Maybe not. Maybe I imagined it. But Moondance is a darn sight better than Paris, to my thinking."

"You haven't been to Paris."

"I'm not going," he said doggedly.

Her red lips curled in a little way which meant that she thought he would go. Already she was planning to get him out of Moondance and beyond the influence of Dorothy Purnell.

As they turned into the main street again a man detached himself from the group before the livery stable and throwing himself upon his pony raced toward him.

"I wonder what's up now?" Wade said to Helen, recognizing the calico mustang as out of the Trowbridge corral.

"Mr. Wade, just a minute." With the grace of a centaur the rider whirled about, and doffing his hat ranged beside them. "Two of Jensen's herders have been shot. I thought you'd want to know."

"What?" The rancher's jaw dropped at the news.

"Yes, sir. Word's just come in."

"Thanks, Carter." The restless pony raced madly away again. "I must go, Helen. There's been fighting—murder, perhaps—out near my ranch. My foreman will need me." He was uneasy lest Santry should have been a party to the killing.

"You'll have to take me to the hotel."

"Of course, yes! Would you mind walking a little faster?" They quickened their pace. "I'm sorry, but I must go." Still, he could not but reflect that there would have been no need to take Dorothy home. The ways of the East seemed to fit less and less aptly into the life of Moondance.

On his walk to the livery stable after his horse Wade did some rapid thinking. Santry might be concerned in the shooting, but the rancher thought not. The old fellow had promised to stay on the ranch, and his word was as good as another's bond. Too bad that the affair should have happened just when Senator Rexhill's promised aid seemed about to settle the controversy. Now, the whole thing was likely in the air, for Moran and Rexhill could hardly be blamed if they supported the sheep interests, in the event that the herders were blameless, as was probably the case. Yet if the Senator did this Wade felt that a bloody war could scarcely be averted.

"Where's Trowbridge, Carter?" he asked of the cowpuncher, who had returned to the stable.

"I think he's on the ranch."

Wade nodded, and swinging into the saddle headed for the mountains as dusk began to fall. The cool night air, blowing in his face as he reached the higher levels, was delightfully refreshing after the long heat of the day. He took off his hat and opened the front of his shirt to the breeze, which revived his energies like wine. He knew that as he felt, so the pony felt, and he was glad, for the game little fellow was to be punished by a hard ride home. At the crest of the first hills, before dipping into the valley, he idly turned in the saddle to look backward over the trail. Moondance, with its fast gathering lights, shimmered below.

He had covered five miles of his way, to no other alarm than that of the noisy insects, when his quick ear caught the thud of a pony's hoofs on the trail ahead, with now and then a clatter as the animal slipped on the stones. Wade slowed down to a walk, and eased his Colt in the scabbard, ready for instant use, if need be. He expected some friend, but it was as well to be prepared for a foe. Soon, however, he smiled to himself, for whoever was coming was no daring marauder. The other pony, too, had been slowed down, and they approached each other with such caution that the rancher presently cast his to the wind and pressed forward once more.

Out of the night the stranger came on, still timidly, until a turn in the trail brought them face to face.

"Don't shoot!" said a woman's contralto. "I'm a friend."

"Dorothy!" Wade ejaculated, at once recognizing the voice. "In Heaven's name, what are you doing here?"

"Is it you, Gordon?" In her relief she softly laughed as she ranged her pony alongside of his. "I was scared for a moment. But I've awfully bad news for you," she added, immediately serious. "I was trying to find you. I went to the hotel and they told me that you'd gone."

"Miss Rexhill and I went down to see you."

"You did? If I'd only known! I've been out to the ranch."

"Is Santry there?" In his anxiety to know he forgot momentarily the loneliness of her long ride. "Two herders have been shot. I'm wild to know if he was in it."

"That's what I want to tell you. Whoa, Gypsy!" She lashed with her quirt the mustang, which had taken fright at some sound out of the night. Wade seized the pony's bridle and quieted him. "I don't know if he's there or not. I couldn't see. The ranch-house is full of men."

"Men? What men?" Wade demanded sharply.

"Moran's posse. They went out to arrest Santry. The sheriff went along. I heard about it in town. That's why I tried to find you." Wade groaned. "I peeped in at the ranch-house window, and when I didn't see you, or Santry, I took the old trail back, because it was shorter."

"Most of the boys were in Moondance. That's why they found it so easy. But I don't see why Carter didn't tell me about the posse. He told me about the shooting."

"I don't think many people saw the posse leave. They slipped away. I was on the edge of town blackberrying, and I heard one of them talking."

"Good Lord!" Wade's head drooped. "I told Santry to stay on the ranch, and he promised me——"

"I don't believe he shot Jensen at all" said Dorothy hotly. "Yes, it was Jensen and one other herder. Both in the back—killed."

"Santry never shot any man in the back!" declared Wade. "That clears him at once."

"It's just a scheme of Moran's, that's all, to put it on Santry. I'm sure it is. Whoa, Gypsy!" She reined in the pony again. "No, it's all right, Gordon. I can tend to him," she remonstrated as he reached for the rein again.

"So that's their game, eh? By Heaven, I believe you're right." His face grew distorted with rage. "Dorothy," he said grimly. "Thanks are useless. You're a brick, girl. Do one thing more for us, will you?"

"Anything," she said simply, her eyes shining with devotion to him, but he was too overwrought to read their message.

"Hurry into Moondance and get word to my men. You'll either meet them on the way, or you'll find them about the stable. Tell them to meet me at the big pine, on the old trail."

His pony had grown restive and now he lightly gave it rein, so that he was moving past her when she clutched at his arm.

"Gordon——"

She loved him dearly, too dearly to let him know how well until he should speak, if he ever did, but above them was the starlit sky and over them hovered the wondrous spirit of the Western night. Her pulse was beating, too, to the call of danger, and despite the control which she had over her nerves she was a bit hysterical beneath the surface of her calm. She knew that ahead of him was a little army of armed men, and already that day two had been killed. So tremulously, she held on to his sleeve until she stopped him.

"What are you going to do? You can't do anything out there by yourself. They'll kill you."

Her sympathy was very sweet to him, and he warmly pressed the little hand which had held him back.

"Don't be afraid, little friend," he said tenderly. "I'm not going to get hurt, if I can help it."

"Wait for the boys, won't you?"

"Surely," he answered, touched by the anxiety in her voice. "I'm just going out to look around—just as you did. You wouldn't have me hold back where you went in, now, would you?"

"N-o-o!" She smiled a little into his face.

"That's right. Then I'm coming back to the big pine, and you have the boys there. They'll not get off with Santry, if we can stop them. They've played their last card. It's war."

"All right, I'll go." Her voice was full of courage again; the moment of weakness had passed. "Take good care of yourself, Gordon."

"You bet," he said cheerfully, and as her pony moved forward caught her arm as she had caught his. She went quite limp in the saddle and leaned toward him, but he merely added: "You're a brick."

He released her then, and with a wave of her hand she disappeared into the night. Not until she was gone, did he realize that he might have kissed her; that he had wanted to kiss her, for the first time since they met. He sat in abstraction for some little while before he shook the reins in his hand and his horse broke into a lope.

"I've kissed one girl today," he said to himself, "and I reckon that's enough."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE OLD TRAIL.

FOR another mile Wade followed the main trail, and then diverged sharply to the left, into what was known as the old, or upper trail. This had been the ranch trail, until obstructed by an avalanche. In the following spring, the debris had been partially removed, but the going was still so rough that the new trail was cleared, and had been used by preference ever since. The old trail, however, was nearly four miles the shorter of the two, and was still traveled in cases of emergency, although to do so at any speed required acrobatic horsemanship.

Wade's promise to Dorothy to take good care of himself had been by way of pleasantry, for, obsessed by his anxiety over Santry, the young rancher was in no mood to spare himself, or his pony. His going was marked by a constant shower of stones, sometimes behind him, as the little mustang climbed like a mountain sheep; but as often before, as horse and rider coasted perilously down some declivity. The pony trembled with fear, as a frightened child might, but never refused to attempt to do what its master commanded of it. One might say that there existed a human understanding between man and beast as to the importance of their errand; a common impulse, which urged them onward.

When Wade reflected that Dorothy, too, had come over that trail by night in his interest he thought her more than ever a wonderful girl. Even to a girl of the cattle country the trip would have been difficult, but then he reflected that Dorothy seemed much like a rancher's daughter in her courage and frank womanliness; nor was she any less charming on that account. After all, women paid too highly for little accomplishments, if to them they had to sacrifice the vital points of character. He could not help but contrast Helen's insistence that she should be escorted back to the hotel with Dorothy's brave ride alone, and while he was too loyal to Helen Rexhill to crucify her in this respect the thing made a deep impression upon him.

The way was long and so he had time for many thoughts. It was natural, in the still night, with Dorothy only a little while gone, that he should think tenderly of her, for this cost Santry nothing. For Santry, Wade was reserving not thought but action. He was resolved that if Moran had taken the foreman into custody on a trumped-up charge of murder the agent should feel the power of a greater tribunal than any court in the West—the law of Judge Colt! Behind him in that, the ranchman knew, was the whole of the cattle battalion, and since war had been thrust upon him he would not stop until the victory was his. His conscience was clean, for he had exerted himself manfully in the cause of peace, even to the point where his own character had suffered, and now the hour of reprisal was at hand.

He rode, at last, over the top of the Big Horns and into the little draw that led up to the ranch buildings, in the windows of which lights gleamed. With an oath at sight of them, he tethered the pony to a sapling, and Colt in hand crept toward the house with the stealth of a Sioux.

Except for the light, there was no sign of life about the place, and Wade craftily advanced upon the house itself. Taking off his hat, so that the crown might not betray him, he peeped through a window. The sight he saw caused him to clinch his fingers and grit his teeth.

Within were half a dozen men, besides three of his own ranch hands, who lay trussed up like turkeys in a corner of the room; doubtless, they had been surprised by the posse, and had had no chance to put up a fight. Moran was there, lying on Wade's own cot, smoking a cigar. Once, he looked directly toward the window, at which the rancher had placed himself, but the latter did not flinch. Instead, he cocked his gun and waited; he was not sure that he wanted to escape detection; if it came, Moran would pay, and the rest, at the moment, did not seem to matter. He had forgotten Dorothy.

But Santry was not there and that puzzled Wade. The sheriff was not there, either, and presently it occurred to the cattle man that a part of the posse, with Santry, might have returned to Moondance over the main trail. Probably, Moran, with the rest, was waiting for him. The thought of Satnry already on the road to jail filled Wade with a baffling sense of rage, and creeping from the house he examined the surrounding turf by the light of the moon. It was badly cut up by the hoofs of ponies, and some time passed before Wade could really be sure that a number of these had taken the trail back to town. Then he untethered his horse and swung into the sadde.

Before giving the mustang its head, he considered the advisability of driving off the ponies belonging to Moran's party, but there would still be plenty more in the corral, and besides their absence, if discovered, would give warning of impending attack. On second thought, however, he saddled a fresh horse of his own, and lashing it with his quirt, set out over the old trail for the big pine.

When he reached it, his men were not there, and knowing that he must meet them, if he followed the main trail from there on, he urged his pony to an easy lope. He came upon them, in a few minutes, riding toward him at full speed, with Tim Sullivan in the van, too drunk to stand erect, but able to balance himself on a pony's back, drunk or sober.

"We came acrost Santry and the sheriff a while back," explained Big Jim Lawson, one of the punchers. "They must be in town by now. We was all for lightin' in to 'em, but Santry wouldn't hear on it. Course, we took orders from him, Colonel. An' Santry said for to tell you that you told him to stay on the ranch, and that's what he done."

"He said we wasn't to tell you that he didn't shoot the Swede," put in another of the men.

"What?" said Wade sharply.

"He said—hic!" broke in Tim Sullivan, with drunken gravity. "He said—hic!—that if you didn't know that without—hic!—tellin', you was no friend of his'n, and—hic!—you could go to hell."

"Shut up you drunken fool!" hissed Lawson.

"Jensen was shot in the back. That let's Santry out," Wade remarked, and sat for some moments in deep thought, which his men respected. "Lawson," he said at last. "You boys go on to the big pine and camp there until I come. I'm going into town."

"Hadn't you better take us with you, Colonel? We'll stand by you to a man—to the last drop. We're for you and we're for Santry when you say the word."

"That's—hic!—what we are!" hiccoughed Sullivan.

Wade shook his head.

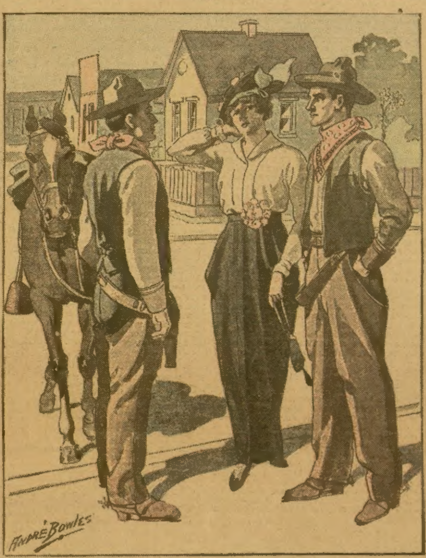
"No. You wait for me at the pine. You may have to grub for your meals, the best you can. I may not get there until tomorrow—until this evening—it's morning now. But wait until I come. There's no use of your going to town with me. It might get you into worse trouble than you're headed for now, and what I've got to do, I'll do alone."

Nodding to them, he rode on toward Moondance.

That he could take them with him, storm the jail, and release Santry, Wade did not doubt, but to do so would be to bring each of them into conflict with the law, a charge which he was resolved to bear alone. Then, too, because his long ride had calmed him somewhat, he intended to make one more appeal to the Senator. Possibly, Moran had exceeded his instructions, and if this were so, it was no more than just that Rexhill, who had seemed to evince a willingness to be helpful, should have the opportunity to disown the act of his agent. Besides, if Santry could be peaceably released, he would be freed of the charge hanging over him, which would not be the case if he were taken from the jail by strategy, or violence.

With haggard countenance and inflamed eyes, Wade bore little resemblance to his normal self when he again appeared before the Senator, who received him in his dressing-gown, being just out of bed. Rexhill listened with a show of sympathy to the cattle man's story, but evidently he was in a different mood from the day before.

"My boy, your friendship for your foreman is leading you astray. Your faith in him, which is natural and does you credit, is blinding you to the common sense of the case. Why not let the law take its course? In any event, what can I do?"



*'Two of Jensen's herders have been shot!'*

"Senator"—Wade spoke with intense weariness—"only yesterday, you offered to help us. The situation, as I explained it to you then, is not altered now, except for the worse. Bill Santry is innocent of any complicity in Jensen's death. I am positive of it. He sent me word that he had not left the ranch, and he would not lie to save himself from hanging. Besides, the men were shot in the back, and that is proof positive, to my mind, that Santry didn't do it."

"Mere sentiment, my boy, mere sentiment. Proof? Pooh!"

The slightly contemptuous tone worked upon Wade in his exhausted, overwrought condition, and stung him. A strange look of cunning appeared in his eyes, and he leaned over the table which separated them.

"Senator, Moran made me an offer the other day for my land. If I accept that offer will you exert your influence in Santry's behalf?"

Coming so swiftly upon his planning, the prospect of such signal success was so gratifying to Rexhill that only in halting speech could he maintain a show of decorous restraint. His countenance expressed exultant relief, as well it might, since he seemed to see himself snatched out of the jaws of ruin.

"Why, Gordon, I—of course, my boy, if you were to show such a generous spirit as that, I—er!—should feel bound"——the sense of his remarks was lost in the crash of Wade's fist upon the table.

"Damn you!" The cattle man was beyond himself with fatigue, rage and a rankling sense of injustice. "They told me that was your game. I believed it of Moran, but I thought you were square. So you're that sort, too, eh? Well, may you rot in hell before you get my land, you hear me!" He waved his hand in the direction of the street. "Out there's a hundred men—men—who're waiting to run you out of this town, you and him, too, and by G—, we'll do it—we'll do it—and we'll begin now!" Again his fist crashed upon the table. "Never mind Santry"—the instinct of discretion was returning to Wade—"let him stay where he is for awhile. We'll attend to you first, and then we'll see about him."

He stopped suddenly at sight of Helen, who, attracted by the noise, had entered the room and stood before him in a filmy negligee.

"What is the matter, Gordon?" she asked anxiously.

"I beg your pardon." Wade spoke awkwardly, unashamed of himself, except for her. "I'm worn out and I—I lost my temper."

"Will you—er—leave this room!" The Senator had pulled himself together. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been ragged in such a way and his composure had suffered; he spoke now with more than his usual pomposity.

"I will," curtly answered Wade, and turning on his heel departed.

The Senator, puffing slightly, fiddled in a nervous manner with his glasses.

"Your young friend has seen fit to accuse me of—of"——For the life of him he could not at once say of what he was accused, unless self-accusation prompted his feelings. "Several sheep-herders have been murdered, I believe, and Wade appears to believe that Moran and I are implicated."

"You!" his daughter exclaimed; evidently her amazement did not extend to Moran.

"Preposterous nonsense!"

"Yes, of course." She walked to the window and stood looking down into the street. "I'm afraid Gordon hasn't improved since we saw him last," she said, finally. "He seems quite a different person. What are you going to do about it?"

"Crush him!" The Senator's lips made a thin, white line, as his fist struck the table over the spot where Wade's hand had fallen. "This, evidently, is his gratitude to me for my interest in him. Now, I will show him the other side of my nature."

"Certainly, no one could blame you for punishing him. Oh, our affair is quite over," she said, with a peculiar smile. "He's a perfect bear."

"I'm glad you feel as you do about it." Rexhill's mouth relaxed into a responsive smile. "You couldn't be my daughter, and not have some sense."

"Have I any?" Helen naively asked.

She was looking out of the window again, and to her mind's eye the dusty, squalid street became a broad highway, with jewelers' shops on either side, and modistes' and other such charming places, just as they are found—in Paris!

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## CHAPTER VII.

### BARS DO NOT MAKE A CAGE.

WADE descended the stairs of the hotel and entered the barroom, fuming with rage and with chagrin that Helen should have seen him in such a temper. Like most men of action, he took pride in his self-control, which seldom failed him, but the villainy of the Senator's attitude had mastered his patience.

There were a number of men in the room that he knew, but beyond a nod to them he took no notice of them. They respected his desire to be left alone, although between themselves they exchanged significant remarks at his appearance. They seemed to be of the opinion that, at last, his fighting blood had been aroused, and now and then they glanced approvingly in his direction.

"Whisky," Wade called to the barman, and a bottle and glass were placed on the table before him.

The ranchman poured out and quickly emptied two big drinks of the fiery liquor, although he was not ordinarily a drinking man. The fact that he drank now showed his mental state more clearly than words could have expressed it. Searching in his pockets, he found tobacco and papers, and rolled and lit a cigarette. Nothing could be done for Santry until night, and meanwhile he would have something to eat and get the sleep he needed to fit himself for the task before him. He ordered a steak, which, with the whisky, put new life into him.

The more he thought of his outburst of temper before Helen, the more it annoyed him, for he realized that he had "bitten off more than he could chew," as Santry would have phrased the idea. Rascal though the Senator was, so far as he was concerned, Wade felt his hands tied by Helen. For her sake he could not move upon the father in a country where the average man thought of consequences after the act, rather than before it. In a sense Wade felt that he stood sponsor for the West, in the hospitality which it offered her, and so he could not bring down upon her head peril and heartache.

But as for Moran and his hirelings, that was different! When the rancher thought of Moran, no vengeance seemed too dire to fit his misdeeds. There, he would go the limit, and he only hoped that it would lead him where his strong fingers could reach for the agent's throat and throttle him. He still looked upon his final visit to Rexhill as a weakness in himself, but it had been undertaken in Santry's behalf. It had failed, and no one now could expect tolerance of him except Helen. If the posse were still at the ranch when he and Santry reached it with the boys, they would take it at the rifle point, and shoot to kill.

He learned from Lem Trowbridge, who presently joined him at the table, that the posse would likely still be there, for the report in the town was that Moran had taken possession of the property and meant to remain on it.

"He does, eh?" snarled Wade. "Well, he may, but it will be with his toes up. I'm done, Lem, by Heaven, it's more than human nature can stand."

"It is that. We're with you, Gordon. Your men were over to my place a short while back. We grubbed them and loaned them the rifles they asked for. I sent over my Winchester automatic and a belt of cartridges for you."

"Thanks."

"That's all right. You're welcome to it, and to any other help that we can give you. We're with you, not only as regards Moran and his crowd, but as regards Rexhill, too. If you like, we'll run him out of town while you're busy with the other end of it."

Wade briefly explained his attitude toward the Rexhills, and added that the cause would not be helped by violence toward the Senator, anyway. Rexhill was well fixed at Washington, and if he could prove abuse he could bring a powerful faction to his support. The noise kicked up by such a happening might drown out the justice of the cattle men's claim.

"Well, that's true, too," Trowbridge admitted. "I can see the force of that, all right. What we want to do is to get something on him, eh? I don't mean things like he's been doing. It's been rascally enough, but he'd talk us down on points like that. Now, if we could lay this Jensen murder to him, eh?"

Wade nodded slowly.

"I'm afraid we can't, Lem. I haven't a doubt that Moran is mixed up in it, but I scarcely think Rexhill is. Anyway, he's likely covered up his tracks mighty well. There's not much chance of that."

"Oh, I don't know. You can't always tell what time'll bring to light." Trowbridge lowered his voice. "What's your idea about Santry? Do you want help there?"

"No." Wade spoke with equal caution. "I believe I can manage for myself. The sheriff will probably be looking for us to rush him, but he won't expect me to come alone. Bat Lewis goes on duty as the relief about nine o'clock. I mean to beat him to it, and if I can get the sheriff to open up it'll be all right. But I must get some sleep, Lem."

The two men arose.

"Well, good luck, boy." Trowbridge patted Wade on the shoulder, and they parted.

"Frank, can you give me a bed?" Wade asked of the hotel-keeper, a shock-headed Irishman.

"Sure, as many as you want."

"Another thing," the rancher said in a whisper. "I'll want an extra horse, and I don't want to be seen with him until I need him." He slipped the man a ten-dollar bill. "Can you have him for me by the schoolhouse at nine tonight?"

"Sure." The Irishman slowly winked his eye, for the schoolhouse was close to the jail.

Wade tumbled into the bed provided for him and slept like a log, having the happy faculty of the healthy man for sleeping when his body needed it, no matter what impended against the hour of waking.

When he did awaken, the afternoon was well advanced, and after another hearty meal, he walked over to the Purnells, to pass the time until darkness should cloak the little town.

"Now, Gordon will tell you that I'm right," Mrs. Purnell said triumphantly. "I want Dorothy to go with me to call on Miss Rexhill, and she doesn't want to do it. The idea," she protested indignantly, "when Miss Rexhill was nice enough to call upon us first."

Mrs. Purnell set much store upon her manners, as the little Michigan town from which she came understood good breeding, and she had not been annoyed by Helen's patronage, which had so displeased Wade. To her mind, the Rexhills were great people, and great people were invariably to the manor born. Dorothy had inherited her democracy from her father, and not from her mother, who, indeed, would have been disappointed if Helen Rexhill had appeared any less the society favorite. Mrs. Purnell could not bear the thought of showing her lack of breeding by not responding to the visit.

"Oh, I'd like to meet her well enough, only"—Dorothy stopped, unwilling to say before Wade that she did not consider the Rexhills sufficiently good friends of his, in the light of recent developments, for them to be friends of hers.

"Of course, go," he said heartily. "She's not responsible for what her father does, and I reckon she'd think it funny if you didn't come."

"There now!" eagerly said Mrs. Purnell.

"All right, I'll go. In her heart Dorothy was curious enough to meet the other woman and gauge her power over Wade. "We'll go tomorrow, mother."

Quite satisfied, Mrs. Purnell made an excuse to leave them together, as she usually did, for her mother heart had winged farther along the road to tomorrow than had her daughter's fancy. She hoped that the young rancher would some day declare his love for Dorothy, and ask her hand in marriage.

In reply to the girl's anxious questions, Wade told her of the events that had transpired since their meeting on the trail as they sat together in the doorway of the little cabin. She was wearing a plain gown of pale green gingham, which, somehow, suggested to him the freshness of lettuce. She laughed a little when he told her so, and called him foolish.

"Then the posse are still on the ranch?"

"I think so. If they are, we are going to run them off tonight."

"Yes, I suppose you must," she said anxiously. "But do be careful, Gordon."

"As careful as I can be," he cheerily said, and told her that his purpose in coming to see her was to thank her again for the service she had rendered him.

"Oh, you don't have to thank me for that. Do you know"—she puckered her brow in a reflective way—"I've been thinking. It seems very strange to me that Senator Rexhill and Moran should be willing to go to such lengths merely to get hold of this land as a speculation. Doesn't it seem so to you?"

"Yes, it does, but that must be their reason."

"I'm sure it isn't, Gordon. There must be something else behind it. That's what I was thinking about. You remember that when Moran first came here he had an office across from his present one?"

"Yes. Simon Barsdale had Moran's present office. You were his stenographer for a while then." Wade looked at her curiously, wondering what she was driving at.

"Moran bought Mr. Barsdale's safe." Her voice was strange and unnatural. "And I know its combination. It was never changed."

"Lem Trowbridge was saying to me this morning," said Wade tensely, "that if we could get something on them, him and Rexhill——"

"Well, we can," said Dorothy simply.

They looked at each other in the gathering dusk, and he felt that the light in her eyes was the light of excitement; but it was not. He slipped his hand over hers, and again the desire to kiss her seized him. He let go of her hand and was about to place his arm about her waist, when, to his surprise, she appeared suddenly indignant.

"Don't!"

He was abashed, and for a while neither said anything.

"What is the combination?" he finally asked hoarsely.

"I promised Mr. Barsdale never to tell any one." Her lips wreathed into a little smile. "I'LL do it."

"You won't," said Wade at once. "Do you suppose I'm going to have you thieving for me? It would be bad enough to do it myself. Well, we'll let it go, then. Don't you think of doing it. Do you promise me?"

"I never promise people, but if you don't want me to——"

"No, I don't," he said firmly. "Let it rest at that."

She asked him then about Santry, but he evaded answering her, beyond expressing the hope that everything would come out all right. They talked for a while of commonplaces, although nothing that he said seemed commonplace to her, and nothing that she said seemed so to him, until at last it was dark and he arose to go. Then she was sorry that she had not let him put his arm about her, and so she leaned toward him as she had done on the trail; but he was not used to the subtleties of a woman's "no," and left her with only the regret for her pains.

Having mounted his horse at the livery stable, he first made sure that the extra horse was before the schoolhouse, where he tethered both ponies and moved around to the jail. On the outside, it was a substantial timbered structure; within, it was divided into the sheriff's office and sleeping-room, "the bull pen," and a single, narrow cell, in which Wade knew that Santry must be confined. After twirling the cylinder of his Colt, he dropped it easily into the scabbard. Then, whistling merrily, for Bat Lewis was a confirmed human songbird, the rancher knocked at the jail door.

"It's me—Bat," he called out, mimicking Lewis' voice, in response to the sheriff's query.

"You're early tonight. What's got you?" Sheriff Thomas opened the door, and turning, left it so, for the "relief" to enter. He had feared that an attempt might be made to release Santry, but never dreamed that any one would attempt such a thing alone. He was glad to be relieved, for a poker game at which he wanted to sit in was about starting at the Gulch Saloon.

He was the most surprised man east of the Rockies when he felt at the nape of his neck the cold barrel of Wade's Colt, and heard the ranchman's hissing injunction to be silent on peril of his life. Sheriff Thomas had earned his right to his "star" by many an exhibition of nerve, but he was too familiar with gun ethics to foolishly argue with the business end of a "44."

"Not a sound!" Outwardly cool, but inwardly afire, Wade shoved the weapon menacingly forward and the officer of the law took a cringing backward step. "I've got the upper hand and I mean to keep it."

"You're a damn fool, Wade." The sheriff spoke evenly and in a properly decorous tone. "You'll go up for this. Don't you realize——"

"Never mind the majesty of the law," said Wade, deftly disarming his victim. "I thought about that for myself. Now that I've drawn your teeth, you'll take orders from me. Get my foreman out and be quick about it."

There was nothing to do but obey, which Thomas cringingly did, although more in fear of Santry than of his employer. When the cell door opened, the old cattle man, in a towering rage at the injustice of his incarceration, seemed likely to choke his erstwhile jailer.

"None of that, Bill," Wade warned. "We'll tie him up and gag him, that's all. Rip up that blanket and that sheet."

"I knew you'd come, boy!" The joy of the foreman was like that of a big dog at sight of his master. "By the great horned toad, I knew it." With his big hands he tore sheet and blanket into strips as easily as though the wool were tissue paper. "Now for him, drat him!"

Wade stood guard while the helpless sheriff was trussed up and his mouth stopped by Santry, and if the ranch-owner felt compunctions, he had only to think of his own paid hands as he had seen them the night before, lying in the corner of his own ranch-house.

"Make a good job of it."

"You bet!" Santry chuckled as he drew the last of the knots tight. "That'll hold him, I reckon. How you feel, Pop, purty comfortable?" The flowing end of the gag so hid the sheriff's features and stopped him from speech, that he could express himself only with his eyes, which he batted like a jack-rabbit. "Course," Santry went on with mock solicitude. "If I'd thought, I might have put a mite of sugar on the inside of that there gag, to remind you of your mammy, but it ain't no great matter. You can put two spoonfuls in your cawfee, when you're able to swallow agin. That'll do."

"Come on!" Wade commanded.

"So long, Pop!"

There was no time to waste in loitering, for at any moment Bat Lewis might come upon them, and possibly give an alarm which would summon reinforcements from amongst the Moran following. Shoving Santry on ahead, Wade reached the door with him and looked guardedly out. No one was in sight, and he briefly explained to the foreman that their ponies were tethered nearby. They slipped through the door, drawing it shut, and in the flicker of a lash were horsed and on their way out of town.

"By cracky!" exulted Santry, as they left the lights of Moondance behind. "It sure feels some good to be out of that there boarding-house. It wasn't our fault, boy, and, say, about this here shootin'——"

"I know all about that," Wade interposed. "The boys told me. They're waiting for us at the big pine. But the arrest, that's what I want to hear about."

"It wasn't our fault, drat 'em. They sneaked up on the house and got the drop on us. We put up the best scrap we could, notwithstandin', but we didn't have a chance, Gordon. The first thing I knew, while I had hold of one man, the sheriff fetched me a rap with the butt of his gun, and I went down for the count. Any of the boys much shot up?"

Wade told the old man of the picture the ranch-house had presented the night before, and Santry groaned.

"What's on the cards now?" he demanded. "How much longer are we going to stand for——"

"No longer," said Wade firmly. "That's why the boys are waiting for us at the pine. We're going to run Moran and his gang off the ranch tonight, and then we're going to run them out of the country!"

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

### JOYS OF SPRING.

The undercurrents of the spring
  Move me to lift my voice in song
To early peas, beets—anything
  That to the season may belong.
To love? Oh, yes! Love thrills my breast.
  I love green onions, rhubarb pies,
But I love new potatoes best,
  Ah, bless their tender little eyes!

About the robin's lilting lay
  I'm not informed at all; but then
I'll try it if it comes my way;
  Meantime commend to me the hen.
The oyster and the buckwheat cake
  Have flown, and sorry sure I am,
But then my heart shall never break—
  I have fresh trout and eke the clam.

Yes, in the spring my fancy turns
  To gardens—of the kind called "truck";
To stroll in them my spirit yearns
  And early radishes to pluck.
Excuse these tears, I'm overcome—
  I am a sentimental guy—
An inward sense tells me that some
  E'en now are eating rhubarb pie!

* * *

## How She Voted.

"Oh, shucks!" said Garble comfortably. "You women wouldn't take any interest in politics unless we men led you by the little hand and made you do it! It's all bluff!"

"Why, Richard Bunt Garble!" cried Mrs. Garble, turning pink in indignation. "I'd like to know what you think you are talking about! The very idea! When we have clubs and meetings and vote——"

"Huh!" said Garble, lighting his cigar. "Didn't I almost have to call out the patrol to get you to register last time? You call that devotion to your political duty, I suppose!"

"It isn't so!" declared Mrs. Garble. "I didn't know I had to register again! I've registered about every thirteen minutes since we have been allowed to vote in this State! And how was I to know I had to go and do it all over again? It's perfect nonsense, anyway, and I am positive they make us do it just to get us mad, so we won't vote!"

"They have registrations just to kill time," said Garble, soothingly. "When they can't think of anything else to do somebody down in the city hall yawns with his arms above his head and says 'Heighho! The days are dull. Let's have a registration!'

"But what I am objecting to is your disregard of your civic duties. At this last registration I believe your objection to going around the corner with me to the barber shop was that you were making pickles and the pickles were at the delicate point in their development at which they would spoil if you didn't sit beside them and address a kind word to them now and then. Do you suppose Patrick Henry would have stopped for a batch of pickles when he had a call to save his country? You women have no sense of values or of the proportion of things in life——"

"Say that over again in the winter when you are sobbing for homemade pickles!" said Mrs. Garble indignantly. "When you call for brandied peaches how should you like to have me hand you instead a memorandum to the effect that on brandied peaches day I was engaged in rescuing my country from a brand of malefactors and was busy over in Frump's barber shop—hoping this explanation will be satisfactory, and eat a prune instead of a brandied peach! Would you tenderly put away such a note in the pocket over your heart and sigh, 'Dear, devoted woman!' You would not! You would blow off the roof of our perfectly nice new house with oratory in which divorce courts were frequently mentioned! And when you wanted me to go with you to register I had on a gingham dress and my hair was just twisted up anyhow!"

Garble groaned. "A woman would let the country go to smash while she fussed over the hang of her skirt!" he declared. "And when I think of the manner in which you picked out your candidates when you voted last time my head hangs so in shame that it needs a prop! You——"

"What else could I do?" demanded Mrs. Garble. "My goodness! When I got that awful ballot I thought they had made a mistake and handed me a roll of wallpaper! It had a million names on it and there were a lot of people in the polling place wanting to vote, and I didn't dare stay in that booth a minute longer than possible! I wasn't going to have them jeering at the way women took up time and blocked the wheels of justice! I forgot which ones we had decided on at breakfast, but I did remember that newspaper's recommendations on the ten candidates ran 'yes, no, no, yes, yes, no, no, no, yes, no.' So I crossed them like that—and I don't see that it was so awful for me to have got twisted and remembered the yes-no business backward! I'm sure any of the candidates would have done, because they couldn't have got nominated unless they had been pretty smart men! I've learned that much!"

"Oh, you'll learn a lot more, too!" moaned Garble. "That's the trouble with you women—the extraordinary things you learn when you set out to acquire intelligence on any point! 'Yes, no, no, no, yes, yes—oh, for the love of Mike!"

* * *

## Only to Serve.

Chaplain Silver of the United States Military Academy tells this story:

A wind was blowing the sand about down at the maneuver camp at Texas City, and a good deal of it sifted into one of the kitchens. Of course, some got into the food.

A lieutenant, inspecting during the mess hour, heard one man grumbling. "Did you enter the army to serve your country or to grumble?" he demanded sternly.

The man stood up, saluted, and replied: "I enlisted to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."

* * *

## Chin Strap's Use.

Ambassador Walter H. Page was piloting some friends from America through the museum at Hastings when he observed an unhappy attendant wearing a military uniform, with a helmet adorned with a chin strap, at whom an inquisitive tourist was firing all manner of silly questions.

Finally, as the tourist turned and was about to quit the building, he asked: "Say, what is that chin strap under your chin for?"

The attendant sighed. "The strap is to rest my jaw when I get tired answering questions," he replied.

## IN A SHADOW

### Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms, as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headaches since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time."

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# For Scotland's Queen

## Or, HEARTS AND SWORDS

### By T. C. Harbaugh

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## CHAPTER V.

## MOLL'S.

"FOR high treason to Queen Elizabeth!"

These words went through my brain like poisoned arrows. Had I come from sunny France for this? Was I foredoomed to perish on Tyburn Hill, or lay my head on the block as many a better man than I had done before me? Who had betrayed me? Captain Comas? Quasimondo? Or had Berwick, the Red, taken his revenge for the affair at the Cardinal's Hat?

The yelling mob had passed on in the train of the haughty Essex. I had noticed that many of them were masked, as was then the ruling custom in London. This custom had been taken up by thieves and pickpockets, and had aided them in carrying out their villainies.

As I pondered over my predicament I felt the iron hand of Constable Clutch on my shoulder. He was a man with little mercy in his glowering eyes.

"Now for Fleet street," said he, pulling me away.

Fleet! That meant the prison on that well-known way. I was to be placed behind the bars until the time when the Queen's inquisitors were ready to give me their attention. I did not resist, though at one time my hand moved towards my sword hilt.

We had not gone five paces when a figure leaped from an area, and with tremendous power sent Constable Clutch across the pave. Almost at the same time I was seized by the arm and hustled away. In the beams of a flaring cresset I observed that my rescuer was masked. His hand slipped to my wrist and I heard his voice for the first time.

"Come! No time is to be lost if you would outwit the wolves," he said. "Hark! The Constable is sounding his call now. It means the block for both of us if we tarry."

Ten minutes later we plunged into the darkness of Paradise Alley which, despite its name was one of the most desperate thoroughfares of the city. The gloom was almost palpable, but somehow or other my guide found a door, which he opened and nearly pitched me into a room.

"Who's here?" said a voice.

"Light up and see."

In a few seconds a light was produced and I saw before me a woman whose age was a mystery. At the same time my rescuer threw his domino to the floor and I stared into the face of—Putney!

"You?" I cried, reeling backward. "In the name of Heaven——"

"That will do," was the interruption. "I had been watching you all along. Why did you come into that mess of evil birds? I don't blame you for throwing the ranter into the street, for the provocation was very great. Clutch was eying you all the time and I saw his eyes twinkle with delight. So he nabbed you for high treason."

"He did, the lout!"

"Well," pursued Putney, "some one has peached."

"It cannot be otherwise," I growled.

"But this is a good nest for one in your ill fortune. This is Moll's nest."

"Moll?" I echoed, looking towards the door by which the woman had just left the room.

"Moll White," explained Putney. "And a better friend to our cause does not exist. They hanged her brother on Tyburn just for picking a few pockets of the rich parvenus. Does she hate the Queen? Why, the very thought fires her blood."

"Think you the others will be arrested?"

"I apprehend not," answered young Putney. "It seems to be a grudge against you."

"By whom?"

"That will come out by and by. I caught sight of Captain Comas in the press, and afterward I thought I had a glimpse of that atom of sin called Quasimondo."

"Enough," I exclaimed. "It lies between these two vipers, and I have this for both of them," and I significantly laid my hand on my good blade.

The night was now advancing and I was eager to go back to Surrey House where I knew I would be safe, unless the Queen's dogs should come thither.

"Not tonight," said Putney, shaking his head when I informed him of my wish to depart from Moll's. "Here you are safe. We must see how the wind blows."

With this he departed and I was left in the dimly lighted room to think of my situation.

Presently the door opened and Moll came in. She had changed her dress for a better one, and, looking at me she approached, dropped into a chair. In times agone her face had been more beautiful than now. I fancied that she was a woman of thirty or thereabouts, and she had a form which was willowly and graceful.

"As long as you remain the friend of my friend," she said in a voice which was really melodious, "this house is always open to you. It is not a palace, but it is home."

I thanked her kindly and she immediately proceeded.

"You are not English?"

"No," said I, "I am French."

"I might have guessed as much," she returned. "You are with Vetus in the urgent matter?"

I saw that she knew of the plot to release the Queen of Scotland, and did not hesitate to say that Putney and I were together in the plot.

"We must save Mary Stuart!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up with fervor. "She must not perish while an arm can be raised to snatch her from the paws of the lioness of Tudor. It is a desperate undertaking. Elizabeth has a legion of spies. They are everywhere. They serve her for her gold, not for her love. She gives the latter to Essex. I know some of the Queen's spies."

"Then you have marked them?"

"You may be sure I have," she cried. "I am not always cooped up here."

I could not help looking into the eyes of the woman before me. I found in them a light that pleased me.

"Do you think," I suddenly asked, "that we were followed to this house?"

"There is no telling. There lives in this alley a man who is in the Queen's employ. He might live in a better place, but that would not suit his occupation. Paradise Alley is the abode of the Queen's enemies. Elizabeth knows that the blood of my brother calls for vengeance."

"But the spy who lives in Paradise Alley?"

"Oh, I know him!" exclaimed Moll without further enlightening me. "You must need rest. The cot is in yon room, and I hope you will have pleasant dreams."

Thus finishing, Moll left me with a final glance at a door to the left, and I was alone with the flickering light.

After awhile I resolved to seek the friendliness of the retreat, and opened the door, carrying the light with me. It was a small room I entered, the floor bare of everything but sand, but in one corner a well-arranged cot awaited me.

The apartment had but one window, which looked out upon the gloom of the alley. I took the lamp and, shading its light with my hand, went over to this window and carefully inspected it. I found that the sash had been nailed down, which was a comfortable thought. Next I threw back the covers of the couch, which was a single one, and prepared to retire. But I did not divest myself of my garments. I placed my sword where it could instantly be found and then, extinguishing the lamp, laid my head upon the pillow.

I must have passed almost instantly into dreamland. How long I wandered through those fairy realms I do not know, but all at once I found myself sitting bolt upright with wide-open eyes.

What had broken the bonds of sleep? The room was as dark as pitch save for a ray of weak moonshine which struggled through the pane. In a moment I was on the floor with my sword in my hand. Not a sound was to be heard. The whole house seemed a tomb so far as silence was concerned. Feeling that something perilous had disturbed my slumbers, I stole across the floor and approached the window.

I am not a believer in the supernatural, therefore I knew that nothing of that kind had roused me. My breath came and went in little gasps, keeping time to the fluttering of my heart, which I vainly tried to still.

Presently I heard a slight movement on the outside. It was so very slight that for a moment I doubted the evidence of my own ears. It came again, a little sharper than before, and then, by aid of the moonlight, I distinguished a hazy form outside. Had I really been tracked to Moll's abode? Were the wolves of Elizabeth on my track? A slight rustling of the sash sounded like an explosion of gunpowder in my ears.

At that moment, as if to aid both the unseen one and myself, the moon seemed to take on more light and I saw a face at the window. It was somewhat magnified to my imagination. I watched it like a hawk, clutching my blade with more firmness, and eagerly hoping that the fellow outside would give me a chance to introduce him to my ready steel. Moments seemed hours. At last I heard a scraping on the dusty pane. It was, as I well knew, the cut of a diamond, for I had frequently traced my name with my ring on the windows of Miramont Castle.

The robber I resolved should have his way a little further. I waited on, and then heard an almost noiseless withdrawal of some glass. The pane had been removed, for I felt fresh air in my face.

In another minute a hand was thrust into my room and was feeling for the fastenings of the sash. It was a large, dark hand and reminded me of the paw of a bear. Up went my sword like a flash. I had determined to sever the hand at the wrist, but at that moment I heard the door open and Moll's voice was calling my name.

## CHAPTER VI.

## I KEEP MY OATH.

THE mention of my name had certainly revealed by hiding-place to the man outside. I went over to where Moll stood and found her hand.

"I'm afraid you've spoiled a pretty brew," I said in low tones. "I was about to mark a night-hawk for life."

"The Queen's spy, you mean?"

"Robber or spy I know not which. He has robbed your window of a pane."

Moll was not too good to check the epithet that bubbled to her lips.

"I could not sleep," she went on. "Something told me that you were menaced, and that is why I came."

I now determined not to remain another hour in Paradise Alley. Danger might lurk in the streets, but there I could have free play with my sword and I did not fear any two men who might assail me. Moll remonstrated against my going, but I was determined, and when she had led me to the rear door and given me directions how to reach a street back of her abode I bade her good night and set out.

The longer I thought of the little episode through which I had just passed, the more I became convinced that the man at the window was no common robber. My person, if not my life, had been sought, and all because I had crossed some one, or because I was in the plot to save Mary of Scotland.

The street into which I debouched from Moll's back yard was not very well lighted. It ran in a tortuous course, terminating in the vicinity of London Bridge. The only places where there were any lights worth mentioning were little apothecary shops where more than one victim of midnight brawls had had their bruises dressed. These shops were all alike, and were generally presided over by clerks who had a smattering of surgery, the last people whom I would trust to take a stitch or set a limb.

It was my intention to turn out of this rambling by-way as soon as pos-

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sible, for the night was so far advanced that a clock had just sounded the last stroke of twelve. Nor did I care to run into the arms of the night-watch whose calls I distinctly heard now and then, which warned me where these guardians of the city were.

As I turned into a better street, I was attracted by a vociferous cry and then saw a carriage moving towards me at a rapid rate. The vehicle was toppling hither and thither, bounding now and then into the air like a rubber ball, and I saw that the horses were running away. All at once the carriage fell over just opposite me and the beasts were struggling to loosen themselves from their harness. A woman's shriek fell upon my ears, and in a moment I was at the side of the vehicle.

Suddenly I noticed an earl's crest on the gilded door, but hardly had I done this ere I was beset by six of the most desperate-looking villains I had ever seen. Where they came from I did not know; perhaps they had been belched out of the nethermost pit, for they looked like denizens of that region.

At that moment a second cry emanated from the overturned carriage, and I saw a woman's face at the door.

"Go to your kennel, dog!" cried one of the louts, thrusting me aside, "or we'll have your ears in a jiffy."

"Not till I have made a sieve of your worthless skins!" I replied, drawing my blade. "Stand back!" and I lunged in their faces, forcing them off for a moment.

"At him, men!" roared one of the others. "He shall not prevent us from plucking our pigeon."

This challenge only infuriated me, and I went at the posse right and left in a manner that must have dazed them. One fellow flashed a pistol in my face, but I knocked it out of his hand and sent him reeling away with the cleanest cut across his poll that a night-rat ever received.

At this the band drew off, and I could turn my attention to the occupant of the carriage, for the poltroon of a driver had taken to his heels. I found her a youngish woman with a frightened face, but there was an air of gentility about her which told me that she was not of the lower orders. When she had been helped out of the vehicle she turned to me with an expression of gratitude.

"I am Lady Somerset," said she. "The horses became unmanageable, and I see that my driver has disappeared."

I doffed my hat to her ladyship and bemoaned her accident.

"Are things so bad that I cannot proceed home?" she asked fearsomely.

I soon discovered that the carriage could be righted and that the horses had exhausted themselves, and in a few minutes I had them on their feet. They were docile enough now, and I told Lady Somerset that they could be driven with ease.

"But my driver?" she cried, wringing her gloved hands. "Will you be gracious enough to drive me to Somerset House?"

The idea of being coachman to such a highborn dame had never entered my mind. Lady Somerset looked so strangely at my sword that I almost expected an apology from her, and, in order to prevent any inquiry as to my identity, I gathered up the lines and bade her reenter the carriage.

"I shall owe you the price of a coronet," said she with a smile, and in a moment I was driving her home.

"This is a new occupation for Sieur de la Tournay," I thought. "It may be much better than meddling with Queen Bess's affairs and, on the whole, much safer."

Somerset House being one of the stateliest piles in London, was easily found, and ere long I drew up in front of the beautiful gate that fronted it. I heard an exclamation of pleasure inside the vehicle, and, leaping from the box, I hastened to open the door for her ladyship.

A menial had already come forward to take the horses, and I was in the act of bidding my new acquaintance good night when she seized my arm.

"You must not go yet," cried she, her face lighting up with gratitude. "You must become my guest for a moment at least. I have not asked for your name, but no matter. Your sword is your warrant for gentility."

Thereupon she almost dragged me past the gate and up the broad steps of Somerset House.

This predicament, I confess, was not at all to my liking, for I well knew that the Earl was a staunch adherent of Elizabeth's; but it was too late for me to retreat. Lady Somerset ushered me into a luxurious apartment, the lights of which almost blinded me. Then it was that I saw one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld. She cast her outer wraps upon a chair and tapped a call-bell on the mahogany table.

A servant in livery almost instantly appeared.

"Wine," said Lady Somerset sententiously, with a graceful wave of her jeweled hand. "The best, you understand, Percy."

"Now," she went on turning full upon me, "to whom do I owe my gratitude for tonight's assistance?"

How could I reply? Tell her that I was Henri de la Tournay I dared not. There were said to be French spies in London, men who had been sent over to watch every movement of the Tudor Queen in order to prevent her from taking the life of Mary Stuart, whose first husband was Francis of France.

Before I could frame a reply from all the subterfuges that busied my brain, the servant came in with the wine on a golden tray. He opened a bottle at his mistress's command, but Lady Somerset filled two chased goblets with her own fair hand.

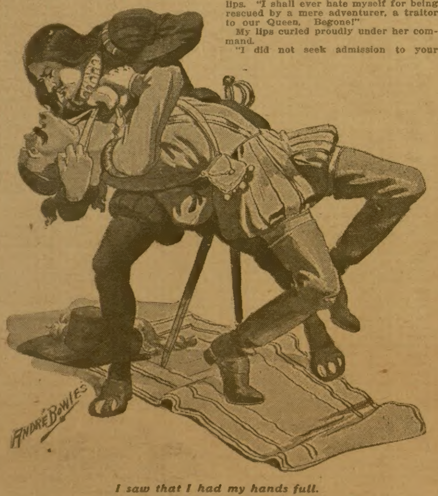
"We will drink first to our great Queen!" cried she, her features glowing under the excitement of the moment. "Let us wish Elizabeth long life, and a swift doom for the virago of Scotland."

My blood swept like a lava current through every vein. I felt it burning as it leaped on and on. What, drink such a toast? I had not come to London for this.

Lady Somerset pushed one of the goblets towards me and picked up its mate.

"Now!" she cried, looking me fairly in the face. "To our gracious Queen who honors the throne of her father!"

The stem of my goblet seemed red hot in my hand. The wine looked like the blood of Mary Stuart.



*I saw that I had my hands full.*

"Be a Tournay," a voice said within me. "Don't forget the vow you have taken."

I looked at the beautiful woman before me, and deliberately set down my glass. A flash of haughty resentment lit up her brilliant eyes.

"What, are you not for Queen Bess?" she exclaimed. "Are you one of those——"

She checked herself and her own goblet trembled in her hands.

"Queen Elizabeth is a great and a mighty ruler," said I, "but, tigresslike, there are claws beneath her velvet."

"Would you shame the Queen of England?" cried Lady Somerset. "Dare you even suggest——"

"I dare suggest, your grace," I interrupted. "With all respect to yourself, I must object to drinking the toast you have just proposed."

"Then I shall not belittle myself by asking your name," leaped from her lips. "I shall ever hate myself for being rescued by a mere adventurer, a traitor to our Queen. Begone!"

My lips curled proudly under her command.

"I did not seek admission to your house," cried I. "I am neither part nor parcel to the stained hand that holds the scepter of this realm," and with this I turned my back on the titled beauty and strode from her sight.

As I closed the door I heard the sound of signals, and on the marble staircase I came in contact with half a dozen retainers. My blood was up. With a cruse, I threw them right and left, and ere they could recover I was in the street, feeling that I had made one more foe.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

"WE ARE reaching the crest of the wave," said Sir Cecil to me. "Putney has been commissioned as one of the guards at Fotheringay and is now near the Queen of Scotland. He is apt and courageous and will act his part to perfection."

This pleased me so far as it went. If Putney had been suspected he had only entered his own prison.

I did not care to relate my late adventures to my friend, reserving them for the future.

Almost immediately after our interview I again came in contact with Lady Elenora. Her face was so pleasant that I was encouraged, and when she held out her hands I was overjoyed.

"I have been converted," she said with one of her alluring smiles, "and therefore I believe I owe you an apology, Sieur de la Tournay. Night after night I have dreamed of Mary Stuart in her lonely prison, and my heart has gone out to her. I am now heart and soul in your attempt to save her from the block."

I tried to reply, but as I only stammered, she went on relieving me from my embarrassment.

"I hope your plans are excellent. It is a desperate venture, I know, and there must be clear heads and stout arms. My brother as yet has told me nothing, and I will keep from you for the present the secret of my information. You can depend on me to further your plot in any way in my power."

This change of heart delighted me, and I forthwith told Lady Elenora my adventure with Lady Somerset.

"How brave of you!" she exclaimed, her fair face reddening. "I like you all the better for your courage. It took a clear conscience to abstain from that toast. No doubt you left her ladyship in a rage, but she will be impotent to arrest the progress of the plot."

"I am not so sure of that," I answered. "While she does not know my name, she will leave no stone unturned to discover it."

"Let her try," smiled Lady Elenora. "We will pit our acumen against hers and see what comes of the tilt."

Later that day I had another experience not at all to my liking, but it placed me more than ever on my guard. Jean, who had been quartered in Surrey House, had come to dislike Quasimondo, the dwarf, who had been making love to a fair Breton maid upon whom my servant had fixed his gaze. Jean was a good fellow in love and war, and would brook no rival. All of a sudden, whilst in my room, I heard loud voices on the stair, and upon opening the door I saw Quasimondo in Jean's iron grip at the head of the steps. My servant was in the act of hurling the atom to the bottom of the flight, and I ran forward to interfere.

It took some expostulation on my part to calm Jean, and he dropped Quasimondo with reluctance.

"I'll rattle his bones together some other time," he growled. "I don't allow an imp like him to interfere with my love-making."

"Your love-making?"

"Yes, master. He wants to sit at Maida's side like Satan at the ear of Eve. I won't stand for it. Maida doesn't like the spy——"

"The spy?" I broke in.

"He's nothing less, and in the pay of Elizabeth!"

"Make sure of your charges before you condemn, Jean," I went on. "He is one of Lady Elenora's servants."

"I care not whom he serves in this house. I caught him listening at your door but now."

"At my private door?"

"Nowhere else," snapped the fellow. "I caught him in the very act, and he knew not that I was near till I had sunk my hands into his misshapen sholders."

This only confirmed my belief that Quasimondo was not in Surrey House for nothing, and the thought that he was in royal pay went through me like a bolt.

"We will have to watch the scamp," I said.

"I'm going to do more than watch him," flashed Jean. "I shall wring his neck."

This time I did not remonstrate for, thought I, the sooner Quasimondo's neck is wrung the better.

That night we had a visit from Captain Comas who came alone, and, since Sir Cecil was not at home, I had the entertaining of him. There was something about this lean, sallow-faced man that not only repulsed me, but rendered me suspicious. I recalled my bout with him on my previous visit to London and felt that he still bore resentment because of the affair at the Cardinal's Hat.

We were in the library alone and at the same table. Captain Comas was as oily a man as one finds in a year's journey. He would often boast of his escapades and, according to him, he was worth twenty men in a fight. I am not given to braggadocio myself, and I never liked it in others.

Knowing that we were alone, and not wishing to disturb our tete-a-tete, Lady Elenora sent wine to the library, which caused the Captain's eyes to sparkle.

"Let me see," said he, drumming on the edge of the table after a draught

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of wine, "when are we to make the great play?"

"I know not," said I guardedly. "That comes later."

"So it does," he returned, eyeing me as if he distrusted me. "We have a pretty clear field. Mary Stuart must be informed of our plot so as to be in a position to aid us."

I caught his real meaning at once. He wanted to compromise the Queen of Scotland and thus hasten her death. Now, more than ever before, I mistrusted this man who was a part of our cabal. I saw treason in his glowering eyes. He had gone so far with us that we dared not dismiss him, but he did not know all our secrets.

I did not reply to his last words, whereat he swallowed another draught and leaned across the table towards me.

"My dear De la Tournay," said he with a devilish leer in his eyes, "that was a pretty bout you had the other night in the Cardinal's Hat."

"Yes," I answered boldly, "we were set upon by a dozen villains, as you seem to know, and, but for our good blades, we would have been spitted like hares."

"I hear it was a great tussle," he grinned in return. "One or two fellows were marked for life. It was a lively story Bess Butterfly told me."

"So the girl gave you your information?"

"Yes, she's a pretty wench."

"Well, I guess the girl did not exaggerate," I replied. "But for her we might not have got off so well."

"So I thought from what she said."

"We did not go to the Cardinal's Hat for a fight," I remarked.

"But you got it just the same," he laughed. "And I'm of the opinion that you got what you deserved."

I started at these bold words, but, seeing that Captain Comas was well ahead with wine, I did not care to say what bubbled to my lips.

"You would have spitted me once," he went on.

"Aye, that I would, Captain." I was becoming disgusted with his impertinence that night, as you will remember."

The drink-heated face suddenly turned purple. A satanic leer filled the bloodshot eyes.

"That is a lie!"

I did not have time to draw my sword, for the Captain had leaped to his feet. His hand was on the hilt of his own weapon, but mine was at his throat before he could release it from its sheath. I had sprung fairly across the table toppling it with my foot, and held the man in a grip of steel.

He was a hard fellow to battle with, a man with uncommon muscle, tenacious and wiry, and I saw from the first that I had my hands full. Spitting venom like a viper, he struggled with all his powers. Despite his strength I forced him against the wall, then, with a dexterous wrench, disarmed him and held him gasping at arms' length.

"You shall pay for this!" he hissed. "I'll bring you to the block, you Gascon traitor!"

"Be sure that your own life doesn't go out first," I answered. "You have unmasked yourself and——"

At that moment the door opened, and there stood Lady Elenora with the whitest of faces and frightened eyes.

I dragged the sputtering Captain across the room and flung him at her feet. Then I stood over him with a drawn blade ready at his slightest motion to bury it in his body.

"Where are the dungeons of Surrey House?" I cried, looking into Lady Elenora's eyes. "This wretch is too dangerous to be at large."

She seemed to believe me, for she had never fancied Captain Comas.

"Bring him with you," said she, speaking with determination. "If he is dangerous he must be confined."

At that moment several retainers appeared in the hall and between us we forced our prisoner away. At the end of a flight of steps was a stairway which was as dark as Erebus. It terminated at a door, which was locked, but one of the servants produced a key, and when the door was thrown back I flung the villain into the darkness. The portal grated back on its hinges, and for the time at least we were safe.

"What did the brawler do?" queried Lady Elenora when I had turned back.

"It is not what he did, but what he will do if we let him go," I replied. "He unmasked himself. I am sure he is in the pay of Elizabeth, and that our plot is on the eve of discovery——"

"My God!" gasped the beautiful girl, clasping her hands. "If the brawler gets out we are doomed."

"Doomed we are, Lady Elenora. See that the cage holds the bird."

Sudden resolution filled her lustrous eyes, and with her I ascended the staircase.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE FRINGE OF DOOM.

THERE was no telling how far Captain Comas had gone in his treachery, for that he was in the Queen's pay I did not doubt.

Now that we had Lady Elenora on our side I felt that there was yet hope for us in our desperate venture. With Vetus Putney near the unhappy Queen of Scotland we believed that he would find a way to show her the path to liberty. Still we had the vigilance of Essex, Somerset and Leicester against us with the cunning of all their minions, and above them all stood the haughty Elizabeth thirsting for the doom of her cousin, yet still hesitating to affix her seal to the death warrant.

Lady Elenora and I resolved to keep from Sir Cecil and the rest the imprisonment of Captain Comas, and especially to prevent Quasimondo from learning of it. To this end the dwarf received his dismissal, which he took with ill grace, a circumstance which only confirmed my suspicions of him. I commissioned Jean to follow the imp of darkness, and this he gladly promised to do.

For years and years Queen Mary had lived behind the bars of a prison, first of one and then of the other; until gloomy Fotheringay had received her, where she was tried and condemned to the block. Fotheringay Castle was one of the strongest in England. Its many rooms had from time to time held the true and the noble, and the path from it usually led to the block.

It was several nights after my adventure with Captain Comas that Jean came to me with eagerness in his eyes.

"I have tracked the little scoundrel to a pretty place," said he, plucking my arm. "Would you see what he is doing?"

Eagerly I agreed, and we set out together.

"Is it to be the Cardinal's Hat again?" I asked Jean.

"Nay, Master Henri," said Jean, lifting his brows. "There are other nests in London."

We passed on until we came near Ludgate Hill, and Jean pointed to a red light that shone over the door of the Grampus Tavern.

"What ho!" cried I. "Is Quasimondo nesting there? By my life, a nice moulting for such a bird!"

On the second floor of the Grampus was a large dance-hall to which the motley of London flocked, and without more ado we ascended the staircase and entered.

Everybody was welcome there and our coming produced no comment.

Jean again touched my arm and pointed across the room. In one corner, in animated conversation with a young woman, sat Quasimondo. The dwarf was having a merry time.

"Look at the toad," whispered Jean.

I was already looking.

"Do you know his companion?" continued my servant.

"Not I, good Jean."

"Well, that is Mistress Delphine, one of Lady Somerset's maids."

His reply recalled my experience in Somerset House.

"The girl has stolen forth for a night of pleasure, and she seems to have taken a fancy to Quasimondo."

"Beauty and the beast," said I.

At that moment the girl raised her eyes and swept the room in a glance. I drew back a little. I remembered seeing several female servants on the staircase when I made my hurried exit from Lady Somerset's presence, and I had no doubt that this girl was one of them. Presently I came within her vision and she lowered her head and said something in low tones to Quasimondo. The dwarf started and sent a look in our direction. Almost instantly thereafter Delphine started to her feet and crossed the room.

"Think you she saw us?" whispered Jean.

I did not have time to reply, for at that very moment I saw the dwarf leave his seat and hurry away. He went out at one of the several doors.

"If we could follow the imp we would learn something," said Jean, but the next minute both of us fell to watching the dancers on the floor.

Suddenly a voice rang through the room.

"Clear the floor," it said, "and watch the doors!"

There was a cessation of the music and the merrymakers, many of whom were masked, darted rapidly to various places along the wall.

"Who gave that command?" I asked

"The sworded rascal over yonder," replied Jean, nodding to a man who, dressed like a nobleman, stood at one side of the hall.

I had scarcely drawn another breath ere this person stepped forward and pointing his finger in my face roared out at the top of his voice:

"Long live the Queen of England, and death to those who like her not! That man yonder," pointing to me, "refused to drink the health of Queen Bess."

Instantly I was covered by every eye under the garish lamps.

No doubt Delphine had paused long enough at this fellow's side to acquaint him with my refusal to drink the toast proposed by Lady Somerset. I saw it all in a flash.

"Let yon person deny my accusation if he dare," continued the sworded one. "Let him say before this noble assembly, if he can, that he has not insulted Queen Bess."

I did not speak. I felt my blood leaping to my fingertips, and I longed to show the rascal the point of the Tournay blade.

In a few seconds there was a scurry

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of feet on the stairway and the door was flung open to admit four constables who had no doubt been summoned by Quasimondo.

The peril of the situation was thrilling. Jean nestled up to me with battle in his blue eyes.

"We two together against the mob!" I heard him say. "I am ready to die for my master."

"We don't think of dying yet," I answered looking at him. "I didn't come to London to be plucked like a captive pigeon."

The constables seemed nonplussed, and presently I saw Quasimondo re-enter by the door through which he had gone out. His toadlike eyes were flashing the joy of his craven heart.

"Yonder is the traitor whom you seek," shouted the belaced one, addressing the officers while he directed his finger at me. "There is the man who has insulted our virgin Queen."

The four turned full upon me. I saw delight in their eyes. I noticed that they were of one mind—to arrest the man who had stood firm when his better nature was insulted.

"Make no false play," I whispered to Jean. "This net may not hold the ensnared birds, after all."

Now for the first time I recognized the man who had accused me. It was Berwick, the Red, whose face I had gashed when Sir Cecil and I were attacked in the Cardinal's Hat.

The constables looked at one another and advanced toward us. I dropped my hand quietly to my sword. In anticipation of a tussle the women hugged the walls, or sought the protection of their escorts.

"It is a lie!" suddenly rang out a woman's voice, and there bounded across the room a young girl with white face and eyes aflame.

"Bess Butterfly," I gasped, as she halted at my side.

"Aye, monsieur," she replied, looking up into my face. "I am Bess of the Cardinal's Hat, the girl whom you spoke kindly to not long ago. They shall not take you, the villains!"

What could one girl do to stay the arrest intended? What was one woman to the enemies who were devouring me with their vicious eyes?

"Don't let the wench protect the French spy," cried Berwick. "I accuse on the oath of a gentleman."

A gentleman forsooth!

Bess turned with raging eyes upon the four constables.

"This man is no traitor," she exclaimed. "One has the right to refuse to drink a toast when his honor is at stake."

At the same moment something leaped from underneath her gown and I heard the clicking of a pistol lock.

"Touch him if you dare!" she flashed in the faces of the constables. "If you want the greatest rascal in the kingdom, take Berwick, the Red, a beau with the fair, but a cutpurse on Hounslow Heath."

Berwick's face went ashen. The stillness that followed the girl's words was impressive.

She turned again to the man whom she had just denounced.

"Ask him who robbed Lady Arundel of her jewels," she went on. "Ask him who despoiled Mistress Gentry of her wedding ring. Yon fly-by-night is a lamb by daytime, but a lion in the dark. Are not rewards posted for the Black Highwayman? Doth not our Queen offer a thousand guineas for him dead or alive? There stands your man. There stands the king of the road!"

The constables covered Berwick with their eyes.

He did not stir.

"Open his waistcoast," continued the cool-headed girl. "Upon his breast is the scar left by young Walsingham's sword not a fortnight since."

"It is a lie!"

"Is a cutpurse's word better than Bess Butterfly's? Take your man before he gets out of the net."

Berwick was already backing towards the nearest door. With sudden impulse I sprang forward and caught him by the shoulder, almost lifting him from the floor.

"The compliments of your better," said I in his ear, and then I flung him into the arms of the constables.

There was confusion worse confounded. The whole house was in an uproar. Jean was chuckling to the tips of his yellow boots.

"Come!" said I. "The net is open to us. Berwick will lie out of the dilemma," and the next moment we were flying down the staircase.

"By Jove!" cried Jean to Bess Butterfly. "I have to kiss you for your work."

"No," said she, as she blushingly turned her head away. "Quick! Leave space behind you. You'll have all London at your heels in a jiffy."

When we reached the street Bess had disappeared.

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## TEMPTATION.

Yes, smokin' disagrees with me,
  An' drinkin' makes me sick,
An' if I do not quit 'em both
  They'll kill me pretty quick!
But when a feller asks me will
  I take a smoke or drink,
I can't refuse—it would abuse
  Politeness, don't you think?

Won't I please smoke a sulphur cone?
  Or drink a pint o' paint?
Say! Do you think I'm crazy?
  I'll let you know I ain't!
Why, them there things is pizen!
  They'd make me sick. That's right,
Go on an' jeer; what do I keer
  If I don't seem polite!

You call me "inconsistent"?
  You talk jus' like my wife!
I'd like to know what you an' her
  An' such folks know of life!
I'll tell you why I don't refuse
  When fellers ask me in
To smoke or drink—it's cause I think
  They mightn't ask agin!

* * *

## She Knew Baseball.

"Since I have become a baseball fan," said the girl who likes to talk, "I know what it means truly to live!

"I can't help it if I am old-fashioned," she went on. "I always do romp in on a style several years after it is an accomplished fact. Years ago, when it was the style to be crazy about baseball, I had to retire to the background and pretend baseball was beneath me. Secretly I read everything about baseball that I could get hold of, and asked every man I ever knew to explain the game to me, but somehow I couldn't comprehend it. I could make an interesting book out of the baseball explanations I got, ranging from that of my small Cousin Jimmy to that of a bank president.

"As I remember it, Jimmy's remarks were so tinctured with disgust at the idea that a human being could exist who was not saturated with the fine points of the game that the explanatory part was pale in comparison.

"'Gee!' said Jimmy. 'Don'tchu know baseball? Gee, but you're slow!. Why, the fellows on bases are always trying to skin the pitcher alive, an' the pitcher he's trying to fool the batter, an' the batter he gen'rully bunts the ball when they're looking for a scorcher—don't you know what a bunt is? Gee, you're slow!'

"There was a college professor who did his best, but I couldn't tell whether he was explaining a baseball game to me or demonstrating a problem in Euclid. He enjoyed himself very much, however, and told me that it was a pleasure to explain anything to a girl who had such wonderful comprehension—so I really couldn't count that episode wasted.

"The bank president complicated things. 'My dear young woman,' he said fervently, stroking his mustache, 'why burden your head with coarse, masculine affairs? You'd look so much nicer pouring tea or—er—sewing something, you know, or playing the piano! Why do you insist on spoiling it all?'

"It took me several years to decide that the bank president himself didn't understand the game, and he was being diplomatic instead of complimentary!

"Still I struggled on. I always said, 'Oh, yes! I dote on baseball,' if I was asked to go to a game. And I had horrible escapes. There was the awfully nice man visiting here from New York. He was the man I almost lost by asking why the ball player quit playing after he had run all around the field and kicked the thing they called the home plate. I said I supposed he was mad or something—because they yelled at him so. And I was temporarily estranged from the best dancer in our set because I said I should think the man with the bat would hit the ball instead of whirling around in that silly way, and it was just as well that the leader evidently called him back to the bench.

"I do think it's true about virtue being rewarded, because some time ago all the mixed up kaleidoscopic baseball bits in my brain suddenly and without warning fell into a clear and beautiful pattern, and, to my hysterical delight I realized that at last I knew what the men out on the diamond were trying to do.

"The man who at present insists on hanging around where I am scoffed and jeered when I confided to him my achievement. He said I might be an excellent bluffer, but never, never, did I really know what it was all about! Hadn't he sat and writhed at games while I disgraced him before all those surrounding us by my imbecile questions? Didn't he know? However, if he could get off the next afternoon he'd take me to the game.

"Well, I passed the whole morning downtown hunting a particular parasol that I'd had in mind for weeks," continued the girl who likes to talk, "and I walked sixteen miles and finally found one, and I carried it delightedly to the game as a cherished possession. In the eighth inning the fielders muffed the ball and fell all over themselves, and the three men on bases raced home in a bunch during the excitement when nobody was noticing.

"When I came to I was on my feet pounding on the floor with my new parasol and yelling like an Indian. I had smashed the handle of the parasol! I did not realize what I was doing till my escort dragged me down into my seat and applied soothing words and showed me the wreck in my hand.

"'Yes,' he admitted, as he regarded the smashed parasol, 'I think you qualify! But who would ever have thought it!'

"I think," concluded the girl who likes to talk, "that it's worth the price of a parasol to be able to realize that one understands baseball. I'm as proud over my knowledge of the game as I would be if I'd been left $1,000,000!"

* * *

## Henry's Hope.

There is a certain man of a remarkably cheerful and optimistic turn of mind. His wife, on the other hand, takes things seriously and has no small difficulty in accommodating herself to the peculiarities of her friends when, as not infrequently happens, they differ from her own.

"Henry," said she to her husband one evening when she had returned home more or less agitated by something. "What do you think they say about Mrs. Eaton, the baker's wife?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the husband. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"They say they can tell when she's going to have callers by her washing the children's faces! Now, you're a pretty sanguine man, Henry, but what on earth can you hope for a woman like that?"

"Well," said Henry, "I suppose all we can hope for is that she entertains a good deal."

* * *

## Marked Down.

Charles broke the spell as in a dejected tone of voice he said:

"Miss Fraser, I love you, but dare not dream of calling you mine. Yesterday I was worth $25,000, but today, by a turn of fortune's wheel, I have but a few paltry hundreds to call my own. I would not ask you to accept me in my reduced state. Farewell forever.

As Charles was about to stride mournfully away she caught him and eagerly cried:

"Good gracious! Reduced from $25,000 to $100! What a bargain! Of course I'll take you! You might have known I couldn't resist."

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# Aaron Lapwing's Genius

## Or, For the Princess Herodias

### By Leonard Britten

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### CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BANQUET.

RODDY came upon Lapwing in the flagged court that extended between the central keep and the castle walls. Lapwing was alone, standing in a meditative attitude, and looked absurd in his early sixteenth-century attire.

A triumphal throng escorted the party within the keep, where each member was received by a page on bended knee. Roddy's led him to a small, dungeon-like cell on the ground floor, containing a four-poster, a medieval chair, and a ewer of water on a table. The page poured water over Roddy's hands, letting it splash into a trough in the stone floor, and then, opening a little closet in the wall, showed him a suit of slashed silk in various colors, a cloak, and a quantity of cambric underwear.

Roddy put on the underwear, but declined to invest himself in the slashed suit.

The page brought him a meal of bread and meat, and a pitcher of drinking water, and left him. Roddy wandered out into the courtyard, looking for the other members of the party. However, the only one whom he saw was Lapwing.

As he emerged from the keep two halberdiers, looking like the Beefeaters he had seen at the Tower of London, accompanied him, one on each side. They stood beside him as he accosted Lapwing, grounding their halberds.

"Glad to meet you again, Mr.—er—Nicholson, after our sea-voyage together," said Lapwing heartily.

"You scoundrel!" shouted Roddy. "Are you going to tell me what this all means, or am I to wring your neck?"

"Dear me, what extravagant language!" answered Lapwing, tucking his thumbs into the armholes of his doublet. "What explanation do you wish from me, Mr. Nicholson?"

"I want to know why I am here!" cried Roddy.

"Mr. Nicholson," began Lapwing with dignity, "when I first saw you after our sea voyage together you were riding a spirited horse in Prince Herod's company, in the direction of this castle. There did not seem to be any evidence of constraint."

Roddy could hardly restrain himself from dashing his fists into Lapwing's face. The man was smiling at him with such an air of triumph. And yet—Lapwing was absolutely in the right. There was no evidence which would connect the man with any of Roddy's adventures subsequently to the kidnaping, which Lapwing had explained ingenuously and completely. And Roddy had come of his free will. He had to change his tone. There was nothing to be gained by violence.

"How did you get here, Mr. Lapwing?" he asked.

"Now, my dear Mr. Nicholson," protested Lapwing, "surely you will not press such a personal question as that. I came here because I had business here."

"But what does it all mean?" demanded Roddy. "I can't get my wits together. It looks like a crazy dream. Is this castle real?"

"As real as you are, Mr. Nicholson," answered Lapwing. "The fact is, if I may venture upon a theory, you have not yet managed to adjust your twentieth-century mind to the conditions of life in the fifteenth. Everything that you see here is real.

"You see," he continued, with an air of great ingenuousness, "the Albanians have kept up their old traditions and their old manner of life. That is all. They are perfectly aware that there are such things as hotels with elevators, and printing presses, and high-power, low-trajectory rifled guns; only, having managed to maintain their independence, they prefer to live their lives in their own fashion. That is all. And, if I may say so, I consider you a very fortunate young man, Mr. Nicholson. It is not often that a brilliant young newspaper man becomes the husband of a young and beautiful princess."

"What do you mean, you blackguard?" shouted Roddy, almost beside himself with indignation.

Lapwing turned away with an air of offended dignity, disdaining to answer him. Roddy stared after the man. He stared at the two halberdiers, who had taken up their pikes, preparatory to following him wherever he intended to go.

"You are dismissed," said Roddy, turning to them. "Good-by."

The halberdiers, without paying the least attention to his remarks, proceeded slowly through the court beside him, keeping step with his steps, as though they were his shadows. Roddy's heart sank dismally. He did not know what to do.

It really was just like a crazy dream. He was as utterly alone in spirit as though he were the sole spectator of a play. Nobody noticed him. Roddy wondered whether it was because he had not put on the slashed silk suit. Through the open gate he could see a troop of archers at practice upon the grassy slopes beyond the castle walls. A page was walking slowly toward the keep. The sentinels paced to and fro upon the walls. A couple of ladies, chattering gaily, passed him with mincing steps. Roddy heard the little rattle of the chains that held up their pointed shoes. They did not even glance at him. Only one person had anything in common with him. He wanted to find her. She must be somewhere in the keep.

He made his way back to his room and entered it, irresolute. He must explore the keep and discover where Lady Alice was. The moment he entered the room, however, one of the halberdiers closed the door. A moment later Roddy heard the huge iron key squeak in the lock. He was a prisoner.

He flung himself down on the bed and waited.

He must have fallen into a doze, exhausted by the nights in the open, for he started up as he heard the lock click, to find that it had grown dark. Somewhere in the recesses of the castle he heard the strains of barbaric music and the faint echoes of laughter.

The little page stood at his side. He had the slashed suit over his arm, and, descending upon one knee, he held it out to Roddy with a suppliant air.

Across the slashed suit Roddy could see, by the light of a lantern that hung outside the door, a scabbard, containing a sword, and a leather girdle. It was a little sword, for dress wear and private conversation, not for use in the field.

And suddenly Roddy sprang to his feet and felt his spirits rebound to the zenith. Since it seemed required of him, he would put on the slashed suit. He would fling himself with zest into this wild life and play his part in it. Perhaps by that means he could win Lady Alice. He could never win her by despairing.

He took off his travel-stained suit and put on the suit of slashed silk. He pulled the hose up to his hips. He fastened on the girdle and slung the sword at his side. It was wonderful how different he felt.

"Got any soap?" he asked

The page, interpreting the gesture, ran to the ewer and held it over Roddy's hands. There seemed to be no soap, and Roddy was partial to soap for the performance of his ablutions. However, he managed to make his face and hands tolerably clean, whereupon the page, wiping them upon a square of cambric that he pulled from the breast of his doublet, threw the door wide open and preceded Roddy down the flagged corridor.

As Roddy advanced along this passage, which was lit by lanterns set upon shelves in the walls, the sounds of music and of laughter became louder. The page turned down a shorter passage, opened a huge swinging door at the end, bound with iron, and went down on one knee. Roddy entered the room in front of him.

He found himself in an enormous banquet-hall, so dimly lighted that at first he could only discern the table and the diners, and the gallery along one end, in which the musicians were scraping and twanging their instruments. Beneath this was a raised dais, a sort of small platform with a canopy above it, situated immediately before the head of the dining-table, which ran the remaining distance of the long hall, with rude benches on either side of it.

On these was seated, apparently, the entire male company of the castle, with the exception of the waiting pages. They were devouring a dozen large joints of meat, and slabs of bread heaped up in monstrous pyramids. The lit lanterns upon the walls sent a play of light and shadow across their faces.

About halfway down the table was a huge saltcellar. Above this sat the men in silks and slashed doublets; beneath it the men-at-arms and archers, in plain leather jackets. At the lower end the ragged wretches who did the menial work fought for the bones flung to them with a pack of hungry dogs that leaped up at these [illegible].

There were no napkins, no tablecloth, no forks—nothing but wooden trenchers and iron spoons and knives. The table dripped gravy upon the rush-strewn floor in little rivulets, and the diners snatched and tore at their viands with their fingers.

At the head of the table sat Prince Herod. Upon his left was [illegible]. The place upon the Prince's [illegible]. The page conducted Roddy thither. As he walked down the hall every one rose and shouted, waving slabs of bread and bones. Then, with a simultaneous clash, the swords leaped from their scabbards and clashed across the table. The band in the gallery struck up a shriek of welcome.

Roddy felt decidedly like a fool, but during the course of that brief walk, he took in one fact which afforded him a good deal of satisfaction. Aaron Lapwing was not there. But Lady Alice was not there, either. It was purely a masculine function. Roddy surmised that the ladies dined together in another part of the castle.

The kneeling page handed Roddy a wooden plate, a knife and a spoon. Prince Herod cut a hunk of bleeding meat from an ox-shoulder in front of him and placed it upon Roddy's plate. The page gave Roddy a hunk of bread from the nearest pyramid.

A hungry man finds spiritual as well as physical restoration in a square meal. Roddy ate and was satisfied.

The shouts rose louder than the music. Huge flagons of wine went round. The page brought Roddy a golf championship trophy filled to the brim with something that looked like claret and smelled like peppermint. Roddy tasted it. It tasted like spruce gum

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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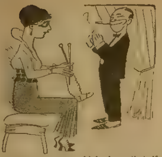


Newed—"Do you think, love, that if I smoke it would spoil the curtains?"

Mrs. Newed—"Ah, you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband! Certainly it would."

Newed—"Then take the curtains down."

### It Was Raining.

Debutante—"He said he would go through a raging flood just to look into my eyes."

Chaperon—"When, last night?"

Debutante—"No, last night he phoned that it was raining too hard for him to call."—Judge

### Chose a Good Time.

An old couple emerged from the Northwestern Station and started up Madison street, in Chicago. As they passed a news stand the old gentleman stopped, his eyes glued to the great headlines of the papers. His wife pulled insistently at his sleeve in a vain endeavor to lead him on. Finally he turned toward her.

"Mary," he said excitedly, "the papers say there's a big war going on in Europe!"

"Well," she replied, "they're having fine weather for it!"

### What Was the Use?

The Englishman was attending his first ball game. He seemed very uneasy after the fifth inning and finally said to his American friend:

"I say, old chap, when do they serve the tea?"

"They don't serve tea at ball games," laughed the American.

"No tea between innings," gasped the Englishman. "Then what's the object of the blooming game?"

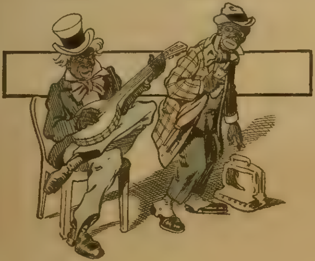
### Always a Way.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I don't want nothin' but the privilege of sittin' here and listenin' to Madame Patti, th' great prima donna, sing."

Mrs. Youngwife—"Goodness me! She isn't here."

"Parding, mum, but I hear her now."

"Why, that's my baby, crying. But don't go. Dinner will be ready soon."



Tom—"Hear you've lived at the same boarding-house all your life."

Dick—"Yes, sah."

Tom—"Does yo' like it there? Does dey feed yo' good?"

Dick—"Well, I was 18 years ol' afo' I knew dat a chicken had anything but a neck."

### Important Distinction.

"Now I appeal to you as a farmer," began the man with a political argument on his mind.

"Well, you needn't," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I ain't no farmer. I've read all the scientific literature about tillin' the soil, an' I'm two crops in debt fur improved machinery. I'm an expert agriculturist."

### Disturbing the Peace.

Dempsey—"Mike Conley got pinched last night f'r disorderly conduct in a movie theayther."

Haggerty—"Glory be! What peeved him?"

Dempsey—"A parade iv th' Ulsther sojers—an' it tuk all th' ushers an' th' dureman t' save th' operator an' his machine."

### Not a Good Speller.

She critically examined the gold sleeve links which were set before her, and then requested the clerk to show her another line. She decided on a pair, murmuring to herself:

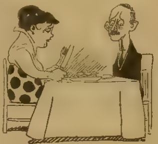
"Yes, I'm sure he'll like these."

"Do you care for any initials, miss?" queried the clerk.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said she. "I think I'll use his first initial this time. You may engrave the letter 'U' on them."

"U," repeated the clerk, as he wrote the instructions down. "May I inquire the name, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names commencing with 'U' are so very rare."

"Eugene," replied the young woman proudly.



Wifey—"The road to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Hubby—"And a lot of you seem to think it should be laid with bricks."

### The Breaking Point.

She never looked lovelier than tonight, in her Argentine basque with soapwork insertions, yet, as he took his hat he laughed harshly.

"All is over between us," he gritted through his teeth. "I told you time and time again that any girl who powders her face forfeits her engagement, and now I will prove it! Have I been engaged to a girl or a clown?"

"Winklewood," she moaned. "Give me one more chance. It shall never happen again!"

"You have had your warning," he replied, still gritting, and slamming the door.

"I will go to a barber shop and try to forget," he muttered, and was soon ensconced in Angelo Vespacci's tonsorial operating chair.

"Shave me, then a massage with cocoanut oil, then bay rum, a hollyhock rub, a little cream of lily and a crude oil hair treatment," he ordered.

An hour later, somewhat lighter of spirit, he walked home, scenting the air for a block in every direction and still reflecting on the fearful fashions of foolish females.

### No Discrimination.

A prisoner in one of the Irish police courts the other day was asked his occupation. He mentioned several callings that he followed from time to time.

"And among all other things," inquired the prosecutor, "do you pick pockets?"

"No," he retorted, "I don't pick them; I just take them as they come."

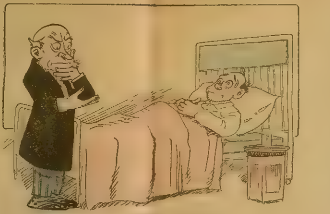
### Instructions Were Clear.

Caller—"Is your mistress in?"

Maid—"Did you see her at the window as you came up the walk, ma'am?"

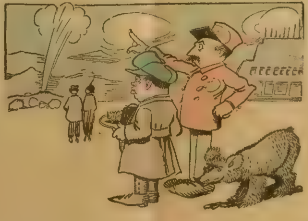
Caller—"No."

Maid—"Well, she said if you hadn't seen her to say that she was out."



Patient—"Doctor, what ails me? Tell me the worst!"

Doctor—"Nothing! That's the worst of it!"



Guide—"That geyser has been spouting for years and years. We call it 'Old Faithful.'"

Traveler—"Why don't you call it 'The Old Orator'?"

### No Use.

The tramp approached the proud citizen and asked alms.

"'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.'"

"'Tain't no use, mister. Me aunt's jist as tight fisted as me uncle an' all de rest uv me relashuns. I fear I'll have to go to work at last."

### Sartorial Advantage.

"There is something very picturesque about the Scotch costume."

"Yes. And it's economical, too. A man doesn't have to bother about keeping his trousers pressed."

### A Head.

"I say, Reginald, I've forgotten my card case."

"Nevah mind, deah boy. I'll lend you mine."

"But—ah—the names would be different, doncherknow."

"So they would. What a head you have got, Algy!"

### Her Return Uncertain.

"I saw your mother going to a neighbor's as I crossed the street," said the lady caller to the little boy. "Do you know when she will be back?"

"Yes'm," answered truthful Jimmy. "She said she'd be back as soon as you left."

### Detected.

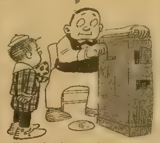
"My dear, did you make this pudding out of the cookery book?"

"Yes, love."

"Well, I thought I tasted one of the covers."

### A Victim of Ambition.

Stafford County puts forward a claim for the meanest man. A local paper relates that he put a porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen, and found that the eggs she laid were of increased size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest; the aforesaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest and awaited results. When he went the next time to search for eggs, he found one as high as a football, but no hen in sight. Securing the egg, he saw engraved on it by the hen photographer these words: "I'm no ostrich, but I have done my best." Later he found the hen inside of the egg.



"Well, what is it now?"

"I say, pa, is a grass widow a woman whose husband died of hay fever?"

### The Instructor Was Mistaken.

A member of an athletic club, after swimming the length of a large tank in the basement of the institution, came out puffing and blowing, apparently exhausted.

"You don't manage your breathing right," said the swimming instructor. "It ought not to tire you so. As to the upper part of your body, including your arms, you use exactly the same muscles and in very much the same way in swimming as in sawing wood."

"No, I don't," gasped the swimmer. "When it comes to sawing wood I use the muscles of some other man."

### What Was the Use?

At a dinner dance, after the maxixe, the girl's partner, a bespectacled young man, said to her: "Let's go and walk in the sunken garden."

"I don't want to go into the garden," the girl said shyly, "without a chaperon."

"Oh, we don't need a chaperon, I assure you," said the bespectacled young man.

"Then," said the girl, "I don't want to go into the garden."

### How She Talks.

"When yo' has a quah'l wid yo' wife do she pout and sulk or do she talk back, Brudder Rumpus?"

"She talks back, sah! And she not on'y talks back, but she talks front'ards and sideways and acrost and endways and diag'nal and round and round, and den she comes all de way back an' repeats herse'f. Aw, yassah; she sho' talks back!"

### The Great Trouble.

"There seems to be some difference of opinion about the European War."

"Yes. The great trouble is that those who know the actual facts are no longer alive."

After thus dismissing the subject the two commuters turned the conversation to the weather.

### Unprintable.

Bill, the foreman, went to the railway office to report an accident on the line. He was handed a form to fill up, and got on first rate until he came to the space for R[illegible]

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked t[illegible]

"Well, you see," said Bill, "it was Pat [illegible] big toe as was hit wid th' hammer, and it wouldn't luk well for me to write down the rem[illegible] Murphy made."

### He Meant Well.

"But, Captain Hawley," said the handsome Miss Plute coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

"My dear Miss Plute," answered the captain gallantly, "you may grow older but you will never grow uglier."

And he wondered why their friendship ceased so suddenly.

### Higher Price of Living.

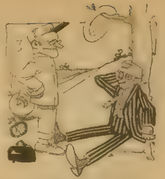
"I'm afraid I can't afford a country place now. Do you expect to rusticate this summer?"

"Rusticate? I'll be lucky if I can masticate."

### The Prisoner's Retort.

Judge—"And you still claim to be innocent, although six witnesses [illegible] saw you commit the crime?"

Prisoner—"Your honor, I [illegible] see me."

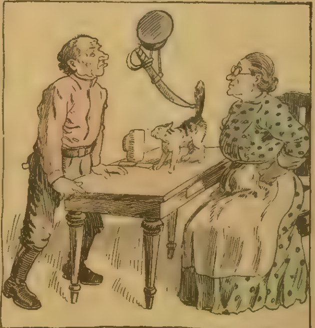


Automobile Salesman—"Where's the guy was in the car with me?"

Ambulance Surgeon—"He's in the hospital."

Automobile Salesman—"How [illegible]ly dreadful! I had almost sold him the car."

[illegible] do you say he [illegible] sn't act that way [illegible] wants the last word.



Newly-Appointed Village Policeman—"Now, wife—in the name of the law, shut up!"

### Basis of Soups.

Cook—"The boarders complain that the soup tastes like thin dishwater."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Goodness me! We must have forgotten to put any onion in."

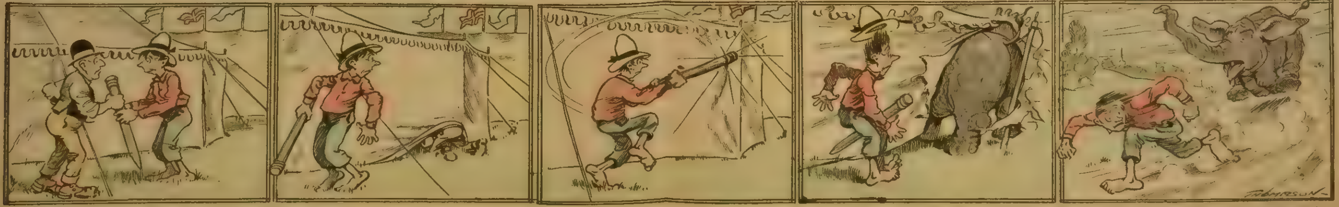
### Latent Heat.

The artist was shivering.

"How did you ever heat your studio without coal?" asked the sympathetic [illegible]

"Potboilers," remarked the artist.

## BOOB BILL'S BIG BAT



Circus Man—"Here, Boob, watch this side of the tent an' I'll give you fifty cents and let you see the evening show."

Boob Bill—"Certain, mister; nobody can't sneak in past me!"

Boob Bill—"Thunder! there's a pesky cuss tryin' ter creep inter the show now! I'll give him the surprise of his life! Watch me!

"Ha! Thought I didn't see yer, eh? Take that, consarn ye. I'm goin' ter earn my money on this job, by heck!

"Wow! Holy Moses! I swatted the elephant! It's me fer the tall timber!

"Help! Help! Wish I'd been born with wings! Gee, [illegible] tearing my toe-nails off scratchin' gravel! Wow! Wow!"

# Aaron Lapwing's Genius.

(Continued from page eleven.)

He was glad that the Princess Herodias was not there to encourage him to display his drinking prowess. He set it down with a wry face, and Prince Herod, leaning forward, took it up and drained it down.

"Fine day," he said, smacking his lips. "Oh, yes, fine day!"

And there was the benevolent father-in-law expression upon his face which Roddy had seen there on that memorable occasion upon the deck of the Corsair, when Roddy had saved the Princess Herodias from drowning—or, rather, from catching a bad cold from floating too long upon the water.

As the wine circulated, and the shouts grew louder, Roddy became conscious that Sutcliffe was watching him with a contemptuous and decidedly challenging expression. Sutcliffe was attired in pea-green and scarlet, and he looked a typical fifteenth-century gentleman. He was as much at home at the table as Prince Herod himself. As he caught Roddy's eye he rose in his chair and held out his brimming flagon toward him. Roddy concluded that this was a sort of conventional toper's challenge, necessitating a return invitation on Roddy's part. He had seen some of the diners drinking thus. He might have managed one flagon, but two was one too many.

He took the flagon from Sutcliffe's hand and looked dubiously at the nauseating mess. He did not want to swallow it, but he did not want to hurt Sutcliffe's feelings, in view of the misunderstanding between them. He looked at Sutcliffe with a protesting expression.

Sutcliffe's lips were parted in a sneering smile, and the expression on his face was as insolent as he could make it. Roddy was decidedly nettled. Seizing the beaker in both hands, he inverted it and let the contents splash down among the rushes.

Instantly Sutcliffe was upon his feet with sword drawn. He rushed toward the head of the table. The diners sprang up from their places, their weapons in their hands. Roddy drew his blade and held it at the parry, but Sutcliffe was too far away to thrust, and was held in the strong arms of Prince Herod, who protested volubly. A large throng gathered about the enemies.

Suddenly the fool came tumbling up from [illegible] table, where he had [illegible] hound. Breaking through the gathering, he squatted upon the floor at Roddy's feet, and grinned and chattered there. Roddy looked into the fool's face, which had again assumed a look of melancholy introspection, designed to set the crowd roaring. It was a singularly intelligent face, and Roddy was more than ever confident that he had seen it before.

"I wonder where I met you," he said to himself aloud.

At the words the fool turned his face toward him, and Roddy saw his left eyelid droop in an expressive wink.

## CHAPTER XV.

## NEARLY MARRIED.

WHILE Sutcliffe still persisted in his frantic efforts to break through the crowd and get at Roddy, a loud bugle blast was heard without the doors. Prince Herod uttered a loud command, and Sutcliffe, sheathing his sword reluctantly, withdrew against the wall, where he stood glowering at Roddy in an infuriated manner.

The doors opened and two trumpeters walked in. Behind them came two more trumpeters. Behind them came two pages carrying a banner. Behind them came four pages, carrying bread, wine, and a dish of salt.

Behind them walked an old man with a white beard. He was attired in a flowing robe of purple. He had a gold crown on his head and a gold plate on his breast, and he carried a crooked staff. Behind him walked a veiled figure in white, supported by two ladies. One of them Roddy had never seen before. The other was Lady Alice. The veiled figure was the Princess Herodias.

Behind them walked a man beating a drum; then twelve pages, carrying torches; then Aaron Lapwing, in a dress suit; then a group of ladies, mostly of venerable age.

Amid the blare of bugles, the wild strains of the musicians in the gallery, and the thumping of the drum, the party advanced to the dais and formed about it, the torchbearers standing like statues. The top of the room was now ablaze with light.

Prince Herod turned to Roddy.

"Fine day," he said.

"It was a fine day, your highness," answered Roddy, with a dreadful sinking feeling in his heart.

"Fine day," repeated the old man, laying a sword-slashed hand on Roddy's shoulder.

"Yes. I know," answered Roddy, in a voice which tried hard to be conciliatory.

"Oh, yes, fine day," repeated Prince Herod, this time in a tone which was mandatory, if not minatory.

Roddy permitted Prince Herod to lead him forward. A universal hush of expectancy had settled over the banquet-hall. The diners stood on either side of the table, one foot resting upon the bench, the other on the table. As Roddy stepped upon the dais he heard their swords leap out again.

They clashed overhead, forming a triumphal arch of steel for the ox-shoulders and haunches of venison and mutton, which lay congealing in their gravy.

Twelve men, advancing to the dais from the head of the table, formed a similar triumphal arch for Roddy and the Princess Herodias, who now stood facing him.

At the bottom of the table Roddy could see the expressive face of the fool. And again he thought he saw the fool's eyelid flutter upon his cheek. But what message the fool intended to convey, if any, Roddy could not understand.

But the part that he was to play could not be doubtful. He was upon the point of becoming the husband of the Princess Herodias, and this time there did not seem to be any way out of the dilemma.

Aaron Lapwing, wearing an expansive smile, came up to him.

"That's what I mean," he said, in insinuating tones.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lapwing?" asked Roddy.

"You asked me what I meant earlier in the day, Mr. Nicholson. I was referring to your approaching nuptials. And as there exists an unfortunate difference between yourself and Lord Sutcliffe, I thought I would be your best man. Of course you don't have to have me unless you want to."

Roddy, too faint of heart to be annoyed with the scoundrel, turned quietly away. He saw the Princess standing like a stone statue before him. She was so chastely veiled that not even her eyes could be discerned. He looked at Lady Alice, and saw that she showed no evidence of being disconcerted. Obviously she had resigned herself to the inevitable. One has to do so at the foot of the altar.

Roddy was very miserable. But he realized that, from the first meeting, he had never given Herodias the least reason to believe that he was anything but a devoted lover. And he had promised to marry her when they were upon the quay at Durazzo. Obviously no man of honor could do anything but let the ceremony proceed.

The old man in the purple robe was speaking. Roddy looked wretchedly about him. He wished the earth could open and engulf him. His only consolation was the look of burning hatred on Sutcliffe's face as he stood alone, with his back against the wall, watching the ceremony. He was evidently laboring under the most intense emotion.

But when one is being married against one's will it is small satisfaction to see one's most implacable enemy acting as a spectator at the ceremony.

The old man in the purple robe now turned to Roddy and uttered a short phrase. Thereupon Prince Herod, taking Roddy's right hand in his, held it out, palm upward, and a page filled it with salt.

Another phrase was uttered, and the Albanian woman who was supporting the Princess pulled Herodias's hand out through the sheaves of draperies. And the singularly beautiful hand was placed near Roddy's, holding a piece of bread.

Once it had given Roddy a thrill of ecstacy to touch that hand; now it inspired in him only disgust. How he would have enjoyed clasping, instead, the frank, brown, sunburned hand of Lady Alice, so near yet so immeasurably remote.

Roddy perceived the meaning of the bread and salt maneuver instantly. The Princess was to dip the bread into the salt, implying thereby that Roddy was her universal provider. Roddy had no doubt that as soon as the bread touched the salt he would be a married man.

But as the Princess's hand was poised aloft, fluttering toward his, an aged crone rushed forward between them, and clinging to the Princess's neck shook her fist angrily in Roddy's face, denouncing him in words which, although Albanian, Roddy had not the least difficulty in understanding.

It was what any one would naturally say when he wished to condemn his enemy and his ancestors as far back as their common parent, Adam. Roddy did not feel at all angry; besides, the old crone was standing between his hand and the Princess's.

Aaron Lapwing stepped to Roddy's side, pulling down his starched shirt bosom.

"It's all right—it's all right, Nicholson," he said in soothing tones. "Her highness's great-grandmother naturally objects to losing her, you know. But she'll get over it."

"How soon?" asked Roddy, feeling a tiny fluttering hope within him.

"Well, it is considered in the best taste to object for two or three minutes," Lapwing answered. "But, of course, her highness, Princess Rebecca, is really overjoyed to see her great-granddaughter happily married. It is a form, you understand. She will probably box your ears in a minute, but it won't mean anything, and after she has fainted the ceremony will be resumed."

Lapwing had hardly finished speaking when the aged Princess Rebecca, rushing at Roddy, boxed his ears with a deftness that bespoke long practice and had evidently been handed down to her illustrious descendant.

Then, collapsing, a moaning, huddled heap, in Herod's arms, the Princess Rebecca disappeared from the scene of the ceremony, so far as Roddy was concerned.

As Roddy stood, with a flushed face, upon the dais, he saw Herodias's hand come out of the draperies again, holding the piece of bread. She extended it toward Roddy's.

Reluctantly Roddy held out the salt. The Princess's hand fluttered toward it—and stayed.

For there was a final preliminary to be performed before Roddy and the Princess could be made husband and wife in accordance with the Albanian custom.

That was supplied by Prince Herod. Advancing across the dais, until he stood between the chief participants, he pulled a heavy leather glove from his hand, raised it aloft, and, after shouting a ringing challenge, dropped it upon the floor at Roddy's feet.

As he did so a thunderous shout was raised, making the roof of the banquet-hall echo and re-echo.

Brandishing their swords, the entire company sprang from the benches and formed along the head of the table, the sword points all extended upward. There was a minute of intense silence. Then, lithely leaping from his post by the wall where he had stood immovable during the ceremony, Sutcliffe stepped into the center of the group, and, stooping, picked up the glove. As he held it in his hand a wild yell rang through the banquet-hall, and a sudden hush, a hush of profound dismay, followed.

For, with a swift gesture of challenge, Lord Sutcliffe hurled the glove, not into Prince Herod's but into Roddy's face.

Roddy saw that Lord Sutcliffe was as white as death and his body was shaking with the emotion that controlled him.

And, while he wondered, something occurred that Roddy had not thought possible. For the piece of bread dropped out of the Princess's hand and she fell backward into Lady Alice's arms and fainted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## LADY ALICE SURRENDERS.

RODDY heard the halberds of his guard clang down upon the flags outside his little room within the keep. He had been led back hastily from the banquet-hall, amid the horrified silence of the men and the shrieks and wails of the ladies. It was evident that Sutcliffe's challenge had delayed, if it had not abrogated the ceremony, and, though it was in accordance with custom, it had evidently produced consternation among all.

The key was turned in the lock and Roddy was left in solitude. But his heart was beating rapturously, and he had caught a glance from Lady Alice's eyes—an involuntary glance which had raised his spirits wonderfully.

It was the look that a woman might give to the man whom she loves, and who has told her for the first time that he loves her.

That night had passed, and now it was light, though the sun had hardly appeared above the horizon. All night Roddy had lain upon his bed, incapable of sleep. Lord Sutcliffe had forbidden the bans; his most bitter enemy had saved him again from the fate which had seemed unescapable. How he loved Sutcliffe at that moment. He had paced the stone floor of his little room in a condition of ecstasy, and Lady Alice's face was ever before his eyes. He felt that fate was with him, and that they were destined to be united.

The key clicked in the lock, and Roddy, lying back comfortably in his bed, looked up at the man whom he had somehow expected to see. It was, of course, Aaron Lapwing, but he had put off his dress suit and attired himself in the slashed doublet again. Lapwing came up to the bed and stood at Roddy's side, looking down on him with a smile of proprietorship. At least, it seemed that way to Roddy.

"Well, well," he began, rubbing his thick hands together, "you really are a most unfortunate young man."

Roddy kept his temper admirably. He looked up calmly at his proprietor—as, indeed, Lapwing was. For he was convinced that Lapwing had ordered each of his adventures from the beginning.

"You called me a blackguard yesterday," Lapwing pursued; "but then you are a young man, and naturally you are rather upset at the present time, and so I bear you no ill-will for it, Mr. Nicholson. Besides, I am a blackguard. Everybody knows that."

"Well, Mr. Lapwing?" asked Ruddy quietly.

"I never met anybody having such misfortunes as yourself, Mr. Nicholson," continued Lapwing. "First you are captured on the high seas and your bride is taken away from you; then, no sooner do you recover her than that ass Sutcliffe jumps in between you. It is quite like a historical romance. However, we have checkmated Prince Hassan. Sutcliffe is very bitter against him. You will find no obstacles in that quarter, Mr. Nicholson. Hassan is the unhappy third—he won't get the Princess."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" demanded Roddy.

"No," answered Lapwing, seating himself upon the edge of the bed. "You have a very creditable seat in the saddle, Mr. Nicholson. I watched you from the walls. You ride with the long stirrups—by balance and not by compression with the knees—a very fortunate thing."

"Yes?" queried Roddy indifferently, conscious that Aaron Lapwing was enjoying the condition of suspense which he was inflicting upon his victim.

"Now, when a man is riding in armor, balance is the beginning and the end of the art of good equestrianship," Lapwing resumed. "Keep that fact firmly rooted in your mind, please, Mr. Nicholson.

"It is impossible to grip when the knees are encased in the greaves. But the balance is maintained in the same way. And, with your seat, you stand an excellent chance of winning."

"Winning what?" demanded Roddy.

"Your joust with Lord Sutcliffe," answered Lapwing, watching him to see the effect of his sudden thrust.

But Roddy did not move a muscle, and Lapwing resumed, with a crestfallen air:

"I see you don't understand the Albanian custom. When your nuptials with her highness were about to be solemnized, Sutcliffe, availing himself of an ancient custom, picked up the glove and flung it at you. That signified that he thereby challenged you to meet him in a joust a l'outrance for the possession of her highness's hand. It is to take place this afternoon, upon the meadows before the castle wall, and the carpenters are already at work setting up the lists."

"Do you mean to say that I am expected to fight a tilt with Lord Sutcliffe?" demanded Roddy, sitting up in bed.

"Run a tilt; ride a tilt, Mr. Nicholson, not 'fight a tilt,'" said Lapwing protestingly.

"For the hand of the Princess Herodias?"

"Yes," answered Lapwing, rubbing his hands together. "It will be a splendid sight. Lady Alice Halliwell has been chosen Queen of Beauty for the occasion—as a compliment, of course."

"And if I refuse the Princess's hand goes to Sutcliffe?"

"Precisely, Mr. Nicholson."

"Then understand that I will have no share in such a crazy scheme," said Roddy decisively.

"But you must," protested Lapwing. "You couldn't insult the Princess like that."

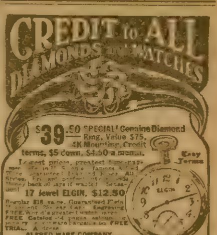
Roddy lay back among his pillows with a comfortable smile.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Lapwing," he answered.

Lapwing looked at him searchingly, and then, with a grunt that might have been meant to express anything, he left the room.

Soon afterward Roddy got out of bed. He had not the least intention of fighting, but he meant to see Lady Alice and put the matter before her.

He had forgotten his guards, but the guards were gone. Unmolested, he passed out of the keep, crossed the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flagged court, and the lowered moat, and emerged upon the grassy plain beyond, now crowded with men and women. A long partition wall of pine had already been erected, and, with incredible speed, a host of carpenters was setting up the scaffold for a grandstand. Evidently this was in constant use, and merely needed to be pieced together, for it was growing visibly. It was evident that the whole structure would be completed by noon.

As soon as Roddy appeared he was surrounded by a throng, who stared at him, pressed about him, and cheered like college students. It was clear that public sympathy was on his side. And this made it more difficult than he had anticipated to decline Lord Sutcliffe's challenge.

After a few minutes, however, and, as he thought, in obedience to the command of a tall herald who was critically supervising the work, Roddy was left unmolested, and strolled about the meadow, waching the carpenters at work. Approaching from the castle he saw a woman in a hennin and ruffed gown. She was not like the Albanian women; she had a free walk and wore European shoes.

But Roddy did not need to see her manner of approach to know his love. It was Lady Alice, attired in the Albanian way, doubtless for the same reason that induces missionaries to China to dress themselves like the Chinese. It was the quickest route to the people's sympathies. She made a beautiful figure; but then Lady Alice was beautiful anyway. Roddy felt himself tremble as he went toward her.

She saw him coming, and suffered him to lead her back in silence toward the wall. They crossed the moat and, ascending some steps cut in the rear of the granite, entered a little empty tower upon the battlements.

Then, for the first time, Roddy found his voice.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, indicating a stone seat.

And the incongruity of the expression set them laughing heartily and cleared the atmosphere wonderfully.

"What does it all mean, Lady Alice?" asked Roddy.

Lady Alice laid her hand on Roddy's shoulder. She looked at him out of her frank, sincere gray eyes.

"You know my answer to that question," she answered. "I do not know. I do not seek to know. I take conditions as I find them. I only know that the status of Albanian women seems to be infinitely higher than I expected to find it. The chivalry of the feudal age has survived in Albania, and there seems to be little work for me to do here. However, I shall remain and see. Often one encounters unexpected barbarism where one least expects to find it."

"But are we really transposed to the feudal age?" asked Roddy. "Or am I dreaming?"

"It seems real enough to me," said Lady Alice.

"But if such a condition really exists here, surely all Europe would have known of it. There would have been special newspaper writers and photographers here; troops of Albanian notables would have been brought to the West by enterprising circus proprietors——"

Lady Alice shrugged her shoulders. And Roddy was amazed at the simplicity of her mind, which could accept as fact such wild improbabilities as he had witnessed, and act upon them. How practical she was! How simple and sincere!

"Do you know, Lady Alice," said Roddy, "I have a feeling that all our difficulties are destined to be overcome? This is the second time that I have been miraculously saved from marrying the Princess. And I believe——

"But never mind; I won't speak of that now," he added hastily, as he saw a look of warning upon the girl's face. "I want your advice as to the immediate future. What do you think of Sutcliffe?"

Lady Alice folded her hands upon her lap and looked at Roddy thoughtfully.

"Lord Ronald Sutcliffe is an anachronism," she answered. "He is a fifteenth-century man who had the misfortune to be born in the twentieth. There is only one spot on earth where he is in his right element, and it is here. Have you not noticed how he goes about as though he were an integral part of this feudal life? He has thrown himself into it, and he lives it to the letter."

"Lady Alice," said Roddy, "I did not mean to speak of what must humiliate you even to think of—his treatment of you."

She smiled.

"Mr. Nicholson, it was no humiliation," she answered. "Lord Sutcliffe is a man of honor. Before constituting himself the champion of Princess Herodias he spoke to me."

"[illegible]?" Roddy began.

"Yesterday afternoon. An explanation was necessary. You see, we have been engaged so many years, and we had both come to realize the hopelessness of it. It made both our lives unhappy. Marriage would have wrecked his life and mine. We are utterly unsuited to each other."

"He asked you to release him?" Roddy inquired.

"He offered to set me free. I accepted his offer, Mr. Nicholson. And we parted the best of friends. I assure you," she continued warmly, "there isn't a nobler man than Lord Sutcliffe, or a more upright one. It was when he got into his own element—this feudal life—that he came to realize the difference between fifteenth-century Albania and modern England; between a man of his type and a woman of mine."

"And you had not loved him?"

"Never," Lady Alice answered quietly. "It was a family arrangement, Mr. Nicholson."

"Forgive me for my questioning, Lady Alice," said Roddy. "But you know how much it means to me. And so one of the three obstacles is removed—two, in fact, if you decide that your mission here is a useless one. But there remains the greatest, and about that I want your advice. You know that I am expected to ride a tilt with Sutcliffe?"

Lady Alice nodded.

"It is less formidable than it sounds," she answered. "We had mock tilts in England a few years ago, and Lord Ronald was one of the judges. That is where he got his knowledge of the tourney—and yet practice does not count for very much. There is little danger, and, though the lances are to be sharpened, the shields will turn them. You need only to keep your seat and strike him fairly——"

"I am not thinking of the danger, Lady Alice," answered Roddy quietly. "But—you know that victory means the loss of my last hope, the perpetuation of the third obstacle?"

Lady Alice did not answer him, but, resting her chin upon her hand, looked thoughtfully out toward the grassy plains. Roddy was astonished to see a tear fall on her gown.

"What shall I do, Lady Alice?" asked Roddy, in a voice which he could scarcely control.

She raised her head.

"Mr. Nicholson," she answered, "I would fight to beat Lord Ronald and let the future take care of itself. I would never go into a fight with the desire to lose, even though victory meant the loss of all that is held most dear. You have been saved twice, and, perhaps——"

She choked. Roddy had never seen her laboring under such an excess of emotion; he hardly knew what to say or do.

He kneeled before her and raised her in his arms and kissed her. And this time, this second time, she returned his kiss.

"You are my Queen of Beauty," he said. "I shall fight to win, and I shall win, because of you, whatever the consequences may be."

"I think you are right, dearest," she answered.

"And you will love me always?"

"Always," she answered.

"And, if I win, you will not marry Sutcliffe?"

"I shall never marry Lord Sutcliffe," she replied. "I shall never marry any one but you. I have given you my heart, dear; once I thought that Sutcliffe had it, but now I know that I was mistaken. Yes," she cried, "I know now I have never given it, and it shall be yours forever.'

She laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Fight a good fight, Roddy, dear," she said, "and let the future take care of itself. Fight Lord Ronald and overthrow him, and afterward act honorably, according to your conscience and not according to your inclinations. That is the best that any man can do."

## CHAPTER XVII

## THE TOURNEY.

THE lists had been set up. Roddy, looking through the door of his silken pavilion at one end, took in the spectacle with the same sense of unreality which had never left him since his arrival at the castle. On one side of the grassy meadow beyond the walls was the wide moat, spanned by the lowered drawbridge, lying not twenty paces distant from the wooden partition which ran the length of the tilting ground.

Upon the other was the grandstand, almost identically a modern grandstand, and thus singularly at variance with the fantastic nature of the arrangements. One might have thought that it was an automobile race which these spectators had gathered to witness.

It was packed from top to bottom with ladies and knights, in silks and satins. In the center was a sort of royal box, in which Prince Herod sat, with the Princess on his left hand and Lady Alice, the Queen of Beauty, upon his right. A guard of halberdiers surrounded them.

The stand was streaming with pennants, and huge bouquets of roses were in evidence, ready to be showered down upon the victor.

Roddy understood that he and Sutcliffe were to ride at each other on either side of the narrow partition of plain pine planking, so that there would be no possibility of any collision. The gallop, the fierce spear thrust, the play of swords—and one or both combatants would be on the ground.

At the further end of the lists he could see Sutcliffe's pavilion; and, as he watched, he saw Sutcliffe stride into it with the air of regal dignity that he had so spontaneously assumed. Nobody noticed him, and Roddy surmised that etiquet required the combatants to receive no plaudits until they issued, accoutered for the fray.

Roddy could see Lady Alice's head turned in the direction of his own tent. How much lay upon that battle! And how strong was the impulse to be beaten!

If Roddy, disgraced and stripped of the Princess, could leave the castle with Lady Alice, to wander, hand in hand with her, back to Durazzo across the mountains, how happy he would be!

But she had told him to fight his hardest and he intended to do so.

Before making his preparations he scanned the spectators [illegible]. He [illegible] their faces plai[illegible] owing was no[illegible] ed to him that Lapw[illegible] was never present in critical moments.

For instance, Lapwing had been absent when he rescued the Princess from a watery grave. He had been absent, or at least hidden from view, at Durazzo, if, indeed, he had been in the town. And he was not to be a witness of this spectacle either, as it se[illegible].

Angry that the man should have usurped his thoughts again, Roddy set about his preparations for the tilt.

The little page who stood respectfully within his tent helped him to divest himself of his slashed silk suit and placed a shapeless garment of padded cotton about his body. Roddy's arms and legs were similarly [illegible].

Then the heavy mail armor, which lay piled at the end of the tent, was brought forward. The hauberk was fastened about Roddy's body with leather straps. His arms were cased in the bra[illegible] his legs in greaves. Lastly, a w[illegible] helmet, with a visor set on a swivel, was put on his head. Raising this, Roddy could see only a narrow slit of a world through the two eyegrooves.

And then, bending upon one knee, the page handed Roddy a two-edged sword.

Roddy took it in his hands. It was a splendid weapon, double-edged, keen as a razor, and it might have been made for him, so perfectly was it balanced. From the gilt hilt to the tapering point, it seemed the perfection of a medieval masterpice.

Roddy stepped to the tent door. Another page was bringing him his horse, a sturdy beast some seventeen hands high, thick-set, coal black, with stout legs terminating in hairy fetlocks and huge hoofs. It was as stoutly built as a London omnibus horse of the old type, and as well adapted to carrying its burden. Its face was encased in plate armor, with a horn pointing from the forehead, giving it the appearance of a unicorn.

At the opposite end of the lists Roddy saw Sutcliffe standing beside his horse, a bay, even larger, but, Roddy thought, a slower beast. At once he made his determination. He would ride Sutcliffe

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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## Aaron Lapwing's Genius.

(Continued from page fifteen.)

down, trusting to the superior speed of his animal.

The page held the stirrup, and Roddy, placing one hand upon his charger's neck, clambered slowly and painfully into the saddle. He sat there like a ton of coal.

Then he realized that his scheme was altogether futile. A knight's strength lay, not in his horse, but in the driving power of his right arm. If the animals broke into a ponderous canter they would be doing well with those weights of flesh and steel upon them.

The page handed Roddy a lance. Roddy tucked it under his arm, letting the point rest lightly upon a little groove which he perceived in the horse's neckpiece, made evidently for that purpose.

Then, their respective pages holding their horses' bridles, Roddy and Sutcliffe faced each other across the tilting ground.

Four buglers advanced from either end of the lists and blew fanfares upon their bugles. The noisy chattering of the ladies and their squires was hushed immediately. A deadly silence prevailed everywhere.

Overhead was the bright afternoon sky. On Roddy's left was the round tower on the wall, very near him. He fancied he could see somebody moving behind the narrow slit of a window that faced the tilting ground, and he tried not to think of Aaron Lapwing.

However, it was impossible to discover whether his surmise was true or false; to do so, it would be necessary to bring the vertical slit of the window into focus with the horizontal slit of his helmet, and this required almost as much delicacy of adjustment as a surveyor uses with his theodolite.

The buglers having retired, a herald advanced, and, turning toward either combatant, addressed him in a loud voice. Roddy surmised that he was adjuring each to fight his hardest.

The pages led the horses forward and placed them facing each other at opposite ends of the pine partition. Roddy was upon the side nearer the moat, Sutcliffe on that nearer the grandstand. Roddy noticed that Sutcliffe was wearing a glove in his helmet. He wondered whether it was the Princess's glove, and whether she had given it to him. He was still wondering when he saw a page hand Sutcliffe a shield, and simultaneously became aware that his page was strapping his own on his left arm.

But Sutcliffe's shield was covered with heraldic devices, while Roddy's was absolutely bare—a plain piece of metal-faced wood.

Roddy was not hurt, remembering that Sutcliffe, as a lord, both of England and Austria, doubtless had an immense stock of lions couchant and leopards rampant, ready to be pulled out of the family archives for just such purposes as this. He did, however, wonder how Sutcliffe had been able to make his devices known to the equivalent of the Albanian Heralds' College, when nobody had approached him with any inquiry along these lines.

Then he looked toward Lady Alice. She was watching him, not Sutcliffe. Roddy felt a thrill of gladness.

The thrill was still running up and down his spine when a single loud bugle blast rang out. Sutcliffe, with lance pointed, came cantering ponderously along the lists.

He had almost reached the center when Roddy realized that the signal to begin had sounded. He kicked his horse with his spurs; but already the herald had sprung forward and was leading Sutcliffe's horse back again.

"False start!" thought Roddy.

But the jeering laughter, directed at him, which came from the grandstand, warned him that he had been guilty of a faux pas which might well have been interpreted by the uncharitable as cowardice, or, at least, faint-heartedness. He looked through his visor slit at the faces of the spectators. They were obviously jeering him, not laughing at Sutcliffe's precipitancy.

He thought of Lady Alice, and he resolved to beat Sutcliffe or die. He couched his lance and waited.

The bugle blew again, and instantly Roddy and Sutcliffe went cantering toward each other, lance in the right hand, shield held well forward upon the left

Roddy saw the point of the lance shining in the afternoon sun. It seemed animated by a fearful purpose to pierce his breast armor and his breast. Roddy poised his own lance to strike straight home upon Sutcliffe's shield. He estimated that a well-directed blow would send Sutcliffe spinning upon the ground.

His own shield he held slightly askew, to turn the force of Sutcliffe's blow.

They were almost within thrusting distance now, and yet the time seemed infinitely prolonged. It was a spun-out eternity in which Roddy had pictures of a nice little country house somewhere along the Hudson, just out of the commuting radius, a gem of a cook, and Lady Alice swinging in the hammock under the maple tree. No, sewing, not swinging. He could not imagine Lady Alice idle without something in her hands.

Crash!

Sutcliffe's lance, shifted with incredible rapidity, had struck Roddy's visor. He saw the point against his eyes, and heard it shiver into a dozen pieces as the visor bar withstood it.

His own lance, twisted from his hands by an adroit movement of Sutcliffe's shield, fell clanging against the pine partition.

Roddy was wondering whether he ought to turn his horse when he reached the opposite end of the lists. He was still wondering when the lists faded away. When he opened his eyes, he was lying upon the ground; his helmet had been removed, and two pages were sponging his face. Lord Sutcliffe's lance had borne him fairly out of the saddle and flung him, stunned, upon the grass.

At the further end of the lists Roddy saw Sutcliffe making his horse caracole in front of the grandstand.

The thought that his defeat had gained him Lady Alice did not occur to him. He sprang to his feet, overcome with chagrin and humiliation, resolved to test Sutcliffe in a second encounter, if he could force him to fight. He saw the eyes of the spectators turned upon him. There were no jeers. Roddy had fought bravely, though he had been defeated. But why did the ladies still hold their bouquets in their hands, instead of smothering Sutcliffe with them? And why did the Princess and Lady Alice sit so still, instead of rising and the one proclaiming, the other welcoming the victor?

Out from among the rows of wooden seats the fool came tumbling. He tumbled, a human wheel, toward Roddy. And Roddy, smarting under his humiliation, resolved to set a precedent which had never been dreamed of in a feudal castle. He resolved to kick the fool.

But the fool, stopping adroitly just out of Roddy's reach, as though he divined his purpose, assumed so shrewd and confidential an expression that Roddy's determination vanished. The fool came close to him and whispered in his ear:

"Best out of three. Aim at his visor."

And he went tumbling back toward the grandstand again, leaving Roddy almost stupefied with wonder

Where had the fool learned English? Who was he? And where had Roddy seen the fool before? His face was as familiar to him as that of his city editor.

But it was with a mighty new accession of courage that he remounted his horse and, lance in hand, turned to face Lord Sutcliffe again.

The bugle sounded, and the combatants rode full charge along the lists. And Roddy, remembering his lesson and the fool's advice also, aimed his lance full at Sutcliffe's visor.

He saw the shield, with its painted lions, loom larger before his eyes. And he knew, as he rode, that he could find a place between that shield and the bearer of it, because Lady Alice's eyes were upon him and she had bidden him be victorious.

He heard the clash of steel on iron. Lord Sutcliffe's lance had struck him fairly on his own shield, which he had held high, and the blow sent him reeling in the saddle. But his own lance had gone home. As he rode on, still rocking upon his prancing horse, he heard behind him the thud of Sutcliffe's armored body as it struck the grass.

This time a yell went up that must have been heard for miles around. Roddy rode slowly back past the spectators. As he rode he fixed his eyes on Lady Alice. He saw that she sat as still as the Princess. Her face was deathly pale, but she was smiling. Their eyes met. There was a message of infinite hope in the message that hers conveyed—hope of victory, hope through despair.

And for the third and final time the combatants faced each other in the lists, Roddy now in his original position, Sutcliffe at the opposite end, seated a little less jauntily upon his horse, but with the same air of being one with his surroundings.

The bugle blew, and the horses cantered toward each other. Roddy, with shield upraised, aimed a deadly thrust at Lord Sutcliffe's helmet.

He knew that Sutcliffe was meditating some trick, and, with his lance held rigid, and his own shield loose on his left arm, he endeavored to meet it by a change of attitude as he rode.

He saw Sutcliffe's helmet at the end of his lance, and thrust fiercely at it, at the same time receiving Sutcliffe's lance upon his shield again.

His own shield, held sidewise, turned the lance and splintered it. But as he thrust Sutcliffe ducked and made his horse prance sidewise. Roddy's blow, delivered with all the thrusting power of his right arm, spent itself upon the air.

He lost his balance, grasped for his horse's neck, and rode on, half in the saddle and half out of it. As he clung thus, striving desperately to regain his seat, he heard a single shout of warning—the fool's shout—ring high above the cries of the spectators.

Some instinct warned him to turn his steed aside. He was in the nick of time, for an instant later, Sutcliffe's sword hissed through the air and clove a lock from his horse's main, inflicting a glancing blow upon the flank.

Sutcliffe had planned to let Roddy unseat himself and then finish him with his sword. The blow had been a foul one, and yet Roddy knew that Sutcliffe's passion had carried him away.

With his foot drenched in blood from the horse's wounded flank, Roddy wheeled, and, before Sutcliffe could regain his poise to strike another blow, he had his own sword in hand and dealt a cutting stroke at Sutcliffe's helm.

Sutcliffe half parried the stroke, but it cleft the little glove in twain, and the half of it came fluttering down upon Roddy's breastpiece and seemed to cling there. He picked it up and thrust it into the top of his brassiere as he rode on

The spectators, aroused to a frenzy by the uncertainty of the conflict, stood up in their seats en masse and shrieked to their hearts' content.

Roddy had turned back, as Sutcliffe turned, at the opposite end of the lists. They dashed at each other again. Sword clanged on sword. Roddy received a stunning stroke across the chest which almost drove him from the saddle. His own blow tore off the top of Sutcliffe's helmet, which fell clanging to the ground. The force of the blow sent Sutcliffe reeling. Roddy dashed at him again.

The swords struck fire as they met in blow and parry, stroke following stroke. Roddy saw nothing but Sutcliffe's helmet, nodding, like some grotesque automaton, before his eyes. His own arm seemed to work automatically, too, as though some guardian power guided it, and he was astonished at the unerring judgment with which he avoided Sutcliffe's blows.

The impetus of each stroke together with the forward movement of the horses, carried them out of arm's reach of each other, and it was necessary to draw rein, turn, and begin the attack once more.

And each encounter only whetted Roddy's resolve to conquer. But, though his arm seemed tireless, Sutcliffe showed no sign of weakening, and time and again they clashed and separated, wheeled, and returned.

Finally Sutcliffe, instead of wheeling to renew the attack, dashed on to the end of the lists. With a dramatic gesture he unbuckled his helmet and flung it upon the ground. Then, with bared head, he came galloping back.

"Take off your helmet, Nicholson!" he shouted, and his face was flushed with fury, while the violence of his tone carried the meaning of his words to Roddy's ears, encased, though they were, in steel.

"By Heaven, I'll meet you as man to man, with heads and faces bare!" Sutcliffe shouted.

Roddy unfastened his own helmet and cast it from him.

"I'm ready any way, Sutcliffe!" he shouted back, with equal anger.

But just as they dug their spurs into their horses' flanks and were rushing together, prepared to end the bout, a dozen bugles sounded a wild alarm from the walls, and the herald rushed in between them.

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## Literal.

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"What have you arrested him for?" asked the police sergeant who was on duty.

"For jumping on and off the rear of a train, sah," one of the policemen replied.

"The blamed fools!" cried the arrested man. "I'm the brakeman!"

* * *

## He Gave Up.

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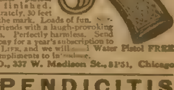

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And many a man who is capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earning his salt.

Many a man who hopes to wake up and find himself famous forgets to set the alarm clock.

Some men refuse to take physical exercise for their health because it doesn't come in bottles.

The woman who wants to vote should be able to sharpen a pencil with which to mark her ballot.

Lots of people who try to forget yesterday look forward to tomorrow, but fail to include today.

Blessed is the man who expects nothing but advice from his relatives, for that is about all he'll get.

Kindness and politeness would be appreciated more if they were not used so often as gold brick substitutes.

Young man, don't take a girl's hand in yours and tell her you could die for her unless you are willing to earn a living for her.

Some men find it so difficult to save a little money when single that they don't even think it worth while to try after marrying.

The average man thinks housework is one continuous round of pleasure until his wife is ill and he tries to get his own breakfast.

# HOME AND HEALTH

### Fashion Notes.

Neckwear seems more varied and interesting than usual this season. The high close stock, which lost its vogue for a year or two, appears to be coming into its own again, but here one finds the same difficulty that caused the decline in popularity of such neckwear. They are not comfortable, those high, close-fitting bony affairs, and the bones, leave scars which take time to efface. But they are here in evidence at all the neckwear counters, side by side with those comfortable collars which roll away from the throat. There is little doubt the latter type will hold good at least throughout the spring and summer.

Jet as it is used this season is a joy. The fact that the dressmakers have really learned how to handle jet as it should be handled is a pleasure. When jet first made its reappearance last summer it was a failure. It was too heavy, as it was generally manipulated, to be attractive. It was not that it was used in greater amounts than it is used today —indeed, it could not be used in greater amounts than it is today, unless coats of jet, like armor, were made and worn. But it was not used in the right way. It was used on big, unbroken surfaces. Whole hats were covered with big pieces of jet; huge darts of it were used as trimming, and big, heavy jet buttons and buckles were used. It was not attractive and it was not becoming. But today the dressmakers know how to use jet to the best advantage. And their secret seems to be this: Use all the jet you want, but use it in small pieces.

❦

### Recipes.

COFFEE CAKE — Two-thirds cake yeast, one-quarter cup lukewarm water, one cup scalded milk, one-quarter cup shortening, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one egg, about three cups flour. Melt shortening in the milk, add sugar and salt, when lukewarm add the yeast, mixed with lukewarm water and an egg and stir in the flour. The mixture should be almost stiff enough to knead. In the morning it should be double its bulk. Cut through and through it with a knife and turn it over and over. Spread it smoothly in a buttered pan (about 10x5 inches). Bake about half an hour. Make a cooked paste of one tablespoon cornstarch and one-half cup boiling water. Spread top of cake with paste and one teaspoon of cinnamon. Return to oven a few minutes, to melt sugar.

HAM PATTIES—One pint of chopped ham mixed with two parts bread crumbs wet with milk. Put the batter in ramekins, or gem cups. Break an egg on top of each and sprinkle thickly with cracker crumbs, and bake until brown.

CARAMEL CUSTARD—Four cups scalded milk, five eggs, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla, and one-half cup sugar. Put sugar in omelet pan, stir constantly over hot part of range until melted to a sirup of light brown color. Of course, a frying pan may be used, as you may not have an omelet pan. Add gradually to milk, being careful that milk does not bubble up and go over, as is liable on account of high temperature of sugar. As soon as sugar is melted in milk add mixture gradually to eggs slightly beaten; add salt and flavoring, then strain in buttered mold. Bake as custard.

CHICKEN SALAD—Pick the meat from one boiled chicken, don't use skin, then cut up four bunches of celery, one onion finely chopped, four hard-boiled eggs, one to be chopped into the salad, others sliced and put on top. Serve in a bed of lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing. If you have cold veal or pork left over use in same way. Use only strips of nicely browned bacon on top.

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### For the Housewife.

Jonquils and daffodils are placed to advantage in a brass or copper urn or vase.

Stale macaroons, which can be bought cheap at the baker's, make the tastiest addition to pudding and custards if pulverized and sprinkled over the top.

It is a good plan to keep the oven door open part of the time when not in use, so that all traces of gas or odors of food may escape.

When apples have to be cored, but served whole, it is advisable to core before peeling them, as they are then less liable to break.

Should you spill hot fat on the floor or a wooden table, pour cold water upon it at once. It can then be more easily scraped off, not having had time to sink into the wood.

Folding coat hangers that fit in a flat leather case are useful for the traveler, for whom also are designed equally flat cases that contain folding Pullman slippers of soft leather.

Freshness of eggs may be tested by putting them into water. A fresh egg will float a little higher and a bad one will rise to the surface.

Instead of always folding tablecloths and sheets lengthways, it is an excellent plan to sometimes fold them the other way so that the folds will be changed.

Jam which has been laid aside long and has got hard and sugary and unfit for use can be made quite as good as when new if it is put into the oven for a little while till the sugar melts and then left to cool.

If walnuts or any other kind of nuts are packed in layers of sand and kept in a cool place they will keep fresh for an indefinite period. Soak them in warm water for an hour before using if you would have them peel as if they had just been gathered fresh from the tree.

❦

### Needlework.

Always thread silk into a needle by putting the end of the silk that exists before it is unwound from the spool in the eye first. If the silk is put in from the end you break or cut, it untwists more easily than if it is threaded from the other end. Clip all bastings to be removed at five or six inch intervals. They can then be pulled out without wrinkling the fabric.

When you are sewing a great deal of work may be saved by the following arrangement: Place the sewing table on the left and at a right angle to the sewing machine; you can then turn from the sewing machine to the table without leaving your chair. If the scrap basket is placed at your right hand, all small bits can be dropped into the basket with ease, and save the after effort of picking them off the floor.

A convenient money bag is made by cutting two pieces of chamois, each piece 3 by 9 inches. Lay the two pieces together and stitch the sides and on a line one inch from the bottom edge. Snip the unseamed part and the top to make the fringe. Fold the top back upon the right side and cut four slits in each half one inch below the fold. Run narrow chamois thongs through the slits and finish with knots or small tassels, or fasten with small snappers.

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### Health Notes.

Those who have weakened themselves by hot baths should strengthen themselves by cool ones, beginning with the sponge bath.

If the lungs are cramped by improper posture they fail to get the proper amount of oxygen and do not throw off the waste and poisonous matters they should.

❦

## SPRING ROMANCE.

Jack sent her violets—for Jack
  Was quite romantic—which
Was not the worst. Alas, alack!
  Poor Jack was likewise rich!

Bob sent a bunch of roses, and
  She kissed the fragrant things;
"Dear, thoughtful boy!" she cried,
  "They're grand!"
Ah, would our thoughts had wings!

Jim sent her pansies ("that's for
  thoughts")
  And Clarence paid her court
With orchids, foxy lover; Naught's
  Effective like a sport!

But dear old Peter picked a gold-
  Crowned, simple dandelion.
She then remembered all the old
  Wood walks—and bust out cryin!"

Those costly flowers she threw away,
  And e'en the simple thing
That Peter plucked. She took the jay
  Who bought a diamond ring!

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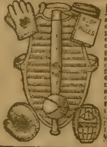

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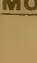

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# Ted of the Hills

## Or, FIGHTING CATTLE THIEVES

### By Annie Brownlee Quimby

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CHAPTER XI.

TED went whistling along the trail homeward. He was thinking about the big chestnut and what an excellent mount he would make. The sun was well behind Lonesome and tipped the trees on the summit of Bear Ridge with a last departing glory, before vanishing beyond the outer rim of the mighty Pacific.

Ted took the old cow trail that led to the sheep pasture. The solemn stillness of the woods was awe-inspiring. No sound disturbed the quiet save the occasional click of Dan's shoe against a stone or the thud of his hoof on the trail. A quail, up on the side of Bear Ridge cried: "Bob White! Bob White!" and then settled for its night's repose. An owl, perched on a pine stub, hooted lustily; and a night-hawk scudded low across the trail.

Captain was waiting by the trail for Ted. With yelps and growls of delight he danced about Dan's heels, wiggling his body and waving his tail in pure ecstacy.

"Hello, Captain, old boy!" Ted cried. "Glad to see me, eh? Well, I'm glad to see you, too, so there," leaning out of the saddle to pat the dog's head.

After fastening the sheep in the corral, he noticed his mother's two herb baskets at the door of the herb-house, stacked high with ginseng roots and other valuable herbs. Ted paused long enough to note the weight of each.

"Gee! Mother must be tired, and I'll bet a dime she walked home," he said, thinking aloud. "Why, that's a man-sized job, digging that stuff."

The cabin door was standing open and a delicious odor of frying ham pervaded the air.

"Supper will soon be ready," his mother called cheerily from the open door

"And I'll soon be ready for supper," he answered sniffing the kitchen odors with approval.

"Well, son, what luck have you had today?" the mother asked, pausing to look up from the dish of creamed potatoes.

"Just the best kind of luck, mother. I had no trouble at all getting the chestnut corralled. Silver enticed Topsy with a lump of sugar and we used her as a sort of decoy, and then fenced the old rascal in. Gee! I'm so anxious I can hardly wait till tomorrow," the boy cried excitedly.

Mrs. Morgan smiled indulgently. This big boy-man of hers was very dear to her.

"Did you ever hear the rhyme about patience, Ted?"

"Don't believe I have, mother. What is it?"

"It runs something like this, if I remember rightly:

"Patience is a virtue,
"Find it where you can;
"Seldom found in woman,
But never found in man."

"Now, mother, that's kind of hard on a fellow," Ted laughed.

"There's more truth in it than you may think, son," she replied, in a half-jesting manner. "Were you over to Uncle Edward's today?"

"Oh, that's right!" he cried. "Aunt Margaret gave me a parcel for you. It's in my saddlebag," and he dashed through the door with a long, jumping stride, taking three steps in one. A minute later he returned and laid the parcel by his mother's plate. "I clean forgot it," he said.

Amid much speculation and curiosity the parcel was opened, and a pair of warm, crocheted slippers rolled out.

"That's what I call useful," he said, feeling them admiringly.

"So is this," the mother cried delightedly, holding up a beautiful hand-embroidered waist pattern. "And so dainty, too. It is just like Margaret." Picking up a dainty card, she read: "To Gloria, with love and best wishes.—Margaret."

"That's very kind of Aunt Margaret, I am sure. She must have spent a great deal of time on this waist pattern. It is very beautiful, indeed," holding it up to admire the design. "I'll lay it away until I can get time to make it up. And those slippers, too; they will be just the thing to slip on when the long winter evenings come. Oh! This is for you, Ted," picking up a tiny flat package wrapped in tissue ribbon, through which was slipped a card, which read: "A token of love from Aunt Margaret to Ted."

With eyes that were a trifle misty—for Ted was thinking of the little boy who still lived in the mother's heart—Ted opened the package and a beautiful pale blue crochet necktie lay exposed. Crochet neckties were the rage then, even in the hills; and Ted's eyes glowed with real pleasure.

"Aunt Margaret is a brick!" Ted cried. "But how in the world did she guess I wanted one of these ties?"

"They are so popular, I suppose she thought you would like one, too. It is very kind and thoughtful of her, I am sure."

"Do you know, mother, I don't believe Aunt Margaret has ever got over losing little Jim?" Ted said, sadly.

"You're right, son. The loss affected her deeply. He was her only child and she was so wrapped up in him. No mother can quite forget her child," Mrs. Morgan said, with a faraway look in her eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry for Aunt Margaret," Ted said. "Had little Jim lived he would have been a great comfort to her. I think Uncle Edward feels the loss keenly, even yet, though he says little about it."

"I think he does, more than any one imagines. They have my sympathy, for I know from experience what a blessing they have lost."

"Mother!" Ted's arm stole softly around her neck in a loving caress, which was more expressive than words.

When the supper things were cleared away Ted lit the lantern and they went to the herb-house to wash the ginseng and place it on the trays to dry.

The following morning the first peep of day found Ted stirring. The fire in the kitchen stove was kindled and he took the milk bucket and started for the enclosure behind the cabin, where Betty was kept. While the kettle was boiling Mrs. Morgan fed the chickens and filled their drinking troughs with fresh water from the pump.

Ted ate a hasty breakfast and then saddled his mother's pony and strapped on her baskets, as she wished to get an early start for the ginseng patch. Captain followed at Ted's heels all the morning, furtively watching every movement.

"It's no use, Cap, old boy, you can't come with me today," Ted said, noting the wistful look in the dog's eyes, and stooping to give him an encouraging pat. The dog whined pleadingly and raising one big paw touched him gently on the leg, as he was about to mount Dan. Ted paused for a minute and looked into the big, soft eyes, watching him so earnestly. "It's no use, Cap, I can't take you this time," taking the dog's head between his hands. "You must go along with mother, Cap. There might be wildcats or perhaps a bear around some place." Captain seemed to understand, for he lay down and stretched his nose between his paws, and watched Ted ride away.

CHAPTER XII.

TED put Dan to a sharp trot as he took the trail for the old hermit's cabin on the side of Lonesome.

A squirrel barked and scudded up a tree by the side of the trail, chattering derisively at Ted, but the latter did not stop to argue the question. Over in Ghost Hollow, behind Bear Ridge, a quail was calling: "Bob White! Bob White!"

"All right, Bob White, I'll look you up some other day," Ted said musingly, hurrying on. A couple of blackbirds flashed across the trail, crying: "T'cheek, t'chee!" and Ted answered: "T'cheek, t'chee!"

While ascending Lonesome Ridge Ted paused, and, rising in the saddle, looked away across the gulch to the range by the timber. There was not a living creature in sight, save a lonesome turkey-buzzard, which was flying over the giant redwood with an exhibition of wing power that was amazing and grand. Ted watched the huge bird for several seconds. "I'd like to have your wings for a few hours, old fellow, and be able to use them. It wouldn't take me long to find them steers, I'm thinking," he said, speaking aloud. "It must be grand to fly through the air like that," watching the huge bird sail gracefully away out of sight.

When Ted alighted at Silver's door. The old man was waiting for him, and Ted saw him slip a couple of lumps of sugar into his pocket.

Arriving at the glade, they found Pete and Sam already there and the ring of their axes told that they were strengthening the barricade. Three of Morgan's best horses were hitched to nearby saplings. The other horses belonging to the band were scattered among the scrub timber on the hillside. A sharp, piercing call would issue from the hillside, and the big chestnut would answer with his shrill, [illegible] with head held high and tail erect he would gallop through the tiny glade.

Topsy came obediently at her master's call and after receiving a lump of sugar was led out of the enclosure and [illegible]

By eight o'clock Morgan joined them and was filled with admiration for the royal old pirate who was lustily complaining of the treatment accorded him. The idea of shutting him in a corral like any common horse was hurtful to his pride and he was endeavoring to impress upon those wicked men that they should treat him with greater consideration and respect.

There was little that Ted could do, so he stood by watching the preparations with interest. When the barricade had been strengthened to the satisfaction of Pete and Sam, the former brought his hardy little pony into the corral, and after carefully examining the belly band and saddle and adjusting them to his satisfaction, he leaped into the saddle and trotted out towards the big stallion. The latter, wondering what new outrage was to be perpetrated against him, screamed shrilly and started on a wild run through the glade. Pete followed close behind, waving a long buggy w[illegible] Then the race began in earnest. The big chestnut circled up and down the glade, with the little black pony and Pete always close behind, and that long black thing cutting the air about his ears. Such an indignity he had never dreamed of. Would these wicked men never cease persecuting him? Was he not to be allowed to return to his beloved hills, and the comrades who were waiting for him to lead them on new raids? After a half-hour of wild racing, Sam, mounted on a swift little [illegible] took Pete's place, as they wished to [illegible] their horses as much as possible. [illegible] there was no rest for the big stallion. If he dared to slack his pace ever so little, that long black thing would reach out and sting his glossy hips. He then would let them see what running really was, and a spurt of terrific speed would follow. The gray pony had a way of cutting corners that kept him always close behind. At the end of another half-hour Pete took the third horse into the corral to relieve the gray.

Ted was anxious to take his turn, but Pete would not hear of it. "You're too heavy, Ted," Pete explained with a grin. "You'd tire the pony in a few minutes." And for once the boy regretted the big body and strong, muscular limbs with which Nature and right living had endowed him.

Morgan, Ted and Silver watched the big chestnut with admiration. The big body was stretched out into a long, swinging run that never slackened for a second. Nose and tail were straight out and the eyes shone like balls of fire.

"He's grand! He's magnificent!" Morgan cried, "and if I'm not mistaken he'll keep that up for hours." Ted's heart was full of sympathy for the noble beast, but the longing to possess him was greater. Silver's eyes were glowing but he watched the race in silence, glancing now and again to where his beloved Topsy was tied.

By the time the horses had been changed eight times, which meant a four-hour steady run for the big chestnut, he began to show the first signs of distress. Slowing for a moment he

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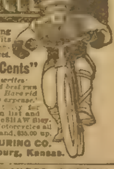

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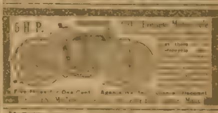

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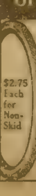

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glanced over his shoulder, but the merciless lash stung his side and hip and with renewed energy he forged ahead again. His eyes were afire, his nostrils wide and streaked with blood, while foam dripped from his belly. Again he slackened for a minute, but the long black thing urged him on relentlessly.

Ted's heart ached for the poor dumb brute. "Is there no other way?" he asked, turning to his uncle.

"No other way, Ted. But he'll soon give out now. Another hour and he'll be subdued."

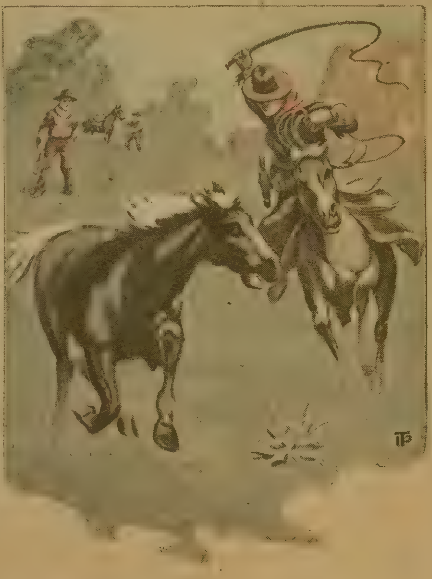
Clearly the big fellow was becoming exhausted. His head drooped and his feet dragged and even the whip had lost its power to urge him to greater speed. Then he stumbled and fell, but Pete paused just long enough for him to regain his feet, then urged him on again. Then Sam, on the gray pony took up the race, while Pete got his lariat ready. The chestnut's nose was down and his feet dragged pitifully.

The rope circled over his head, but he saw it in time to spring aside. Sam urged him on relentlessly for another ten minutes. His big body was swaying from pure exhaustion, then he stumbled and fell. The rope flew out like an arrow and settled over his head, and before he realized it his feet were bound and a cold iron was thrust into his mouth.

Ted felt like shouting for pure joy, but restrained himself.

When the bridle and bit had been fastened securely, the rope was removed from his legs. He sprang up, quivering in every limb, but the iron bit held him mercilessly. Pete gave Ted the bridle rein to hold while he and Sam adjusted the saddle and secured the belly band. The big fellow pranced and sidestepped and backed, but Ted held him without any difficulty. He spoke low and soothingly to him, and, winding the reins tightly about his right hand, he caressed him gently with the left, speaking softly the while. Soon the fire began to die out of the stallion's eyes and the trembling became less acute, and once Ted thought he voluntarily rubbed his nose against his sleeve. "Good boy!" Ted said softly. "There, now, nobody is going to hurt you. Whoa! There, old chap, easy, now, easy," he kept repeating in a firm, kindly voice. Whether the animal understood him or whether it was the gentle cadence of his voice that soothed him into something like quietness, it was hard to tell, but he ceased his prancing and stood almost still, submitting to the caressing hand with something akin to pleasure. When the saddle had been securely fastened, Pete sprang to his back and took the reins from Ted and the big fellow trotted off, obedient to the rein. He made no effort to plunge away, as Ted had expected to see him do. Pete circled the glade a half-dozen times, and the chestnut obeyed the slightest touch of the rein.

"Well, I'll be darned!" Pete cried, pulling up before the admiring spectators.



*Ted's heart ached for the poor dumb brute.*

"All he wanted was the bit in his mouth. He has been broken to the saddle before, that's sure."

"They say he is a blooded Scottish stallion, with a pedigree as long as your leg. He is supposed to have come ashore when a coasting vessel went on the rocks of Point Arena. I have heard that he belonged to a rich horseman in Vancouver, B. C., and was billed for San Francisco. He is a valuable horse, Ted."

The boy insisted on mounting the stallion, and taking a few turns about the glade. Pete held the bridle while Ted got into the saddle. The horse wheeled obediently and trotted down the glade as quietly as Dan would have done. Ted leaned forward and patted the glossy neck, which was all a-quiver. The beast was pitifully exhausted and swayed as though ready to drop from pure fatigue

There was a shrill nicker from the hillside and the tired beast raised his head in the air and, with muscles tense, sent forth his peculiar piercing cry, which was answered from a dozen places along the hillside. The noble head drooped and he stood the picture of despair, his strength gone and his spirit broken. That last cry was full of the pathos and pain of farewell. He would lead them through hills and valleys no more. The six hours' mad run had crushed his spirit and made him the slave of man. He had learned the lesson that every good horse must learn sooner or later—that man is supreme and commands obedience.

"What are you going to call him, Ted?" Pete asked, grinning broadly and hitching his sheepskin trousers up a notch or two.

"I'm going to call him Pirate. It suits him the best of anything I know. Don't you think so, Pete?"

"That's pretty good name, Ted. He been one big pirate, sure. He'll be mighty fine saddle horse, though."

"That's settled then. He's Pirate from now on," Uncle Edward exclaimed. "Now, what are you going to do with him, Ted? You can't turn him loose like you do Dan."

"I suppose I'll have to put him in the barn for the present," Ted said, with a thoughtful frown. The thought of capturing him had filled his mind to the exclusion of what he would do with him afterwards.

"I think you had better turn him over to Pete for a few days. He is utterly worn out and crushed now, but a few hours' rest may revive the wild spirit again. A few days' hard work and strict discipline will make a wonderful horse of him. In the meantime, you can decide what you are going to do with him. And if you ever want to sell him let me know."

### CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS two weeks since the big stallion was captured in the glade. Pete rode the powerful animal for a week on the range and subjugated him entirely before returning him to his youthful owner.

In the meantime Mrs. Morgan harvested her ginseng crops and now had it drying on the trays in the herb-house, where she expected it soon to be ready for shipment to the big wholesale drug house in New York. When Mrs. Morgan surveyed the big trays filled with drying ginseng her heart beat lightly and happily, for the contents of those trays would bring her a small fortune. The seven years of anxious care and weary waiting had passed away, and she was now about to reap the reward of her labors. She estimated the returns closely, and knew within a few dollars what she would receive for her work. The size of the check was closely guarded and was to come in the nature of a surprise to Ted.

Two weeks went by and despite the greatest efforts nothing definite had been learned of the cattle thieves. They were still at work, however, as reports of missing cattle were constantly heard. They seemed to deal in small numbers as only a few at a time were taken. Their object was plain—they would get safely away with a couple of dozen much more easily than they could with a couple of hundred, and the smaller number was more easily hidden away in the hills, and was more difficult to trace. Pete and Sam, Morgan's two best cattle men, were in the saddle almost night and day. A band of cowboys and cattle men were scouring the hills, searching for the hiding-place of the rustlers. The band comprised the most daring cowboys and adventurous cattle men to be found in California. They were boys who had trod the edge of things all their lives and who did not know the meaning of fear.

The air was heavy with the droning of insects and the mid-September breezes gave little promise of autumn. The trail that led around the rim of Bear Ridge was baked to a crisp. It seemed to Ted, mounted on Pirate, that the very earth snapped and cracked beneath his horse's hoofs. The hills in the distance were a dull brown and nowhere was there a bit of green, save where the giant redwoods reared their stately heads skyward and defied the sun and elements. With the sun baking the hills all Nature seemed asleep. Even the feathered folks were hidden away in some cool, shady nook, where the heat is less intense.

Ted wiped the perspiration from his brow and turning in the saddle, watched Captain trotting along behind with his tongue lolling and eyes half-closed.

"Gee! It's hot, ain't it, Cap?" Ted said, and the dog waved his tail lazily in reply.

Pirate alone seemed unconscious of the heat. His skin was warm and moist, but not sweaty. Ted patted the sleek, arched neck with pride. He had all a boy's joy in the ownership of this noble animal. The long cream mane seemed longer and more silky than formerly, for Ted never tired of brushing its silky strands. The thick, creamy tail reached to the fetlocks.

The old outlaw horse had become as quiet and dependable as Dan and had formed a great attachment for his young master, who had grown to love him for his own lovable traits as well as for his noble form and stately appearance.

Silver saw them coming up the trail and got his field glasses that he might have a better view of them. A great wave of tenderness swept over the old man and dimmed his eyes. "What a lad!" he cried, laying the glasses aside. "What a lad!"

The old man was standing in the cabin door as Ted pulled up.

"Hello, Silver! I thought I'd run over and see you today."

"That's right, boy, that's right. I'm always glad to see you," he cried, his old voice wavering ever so little. Ted tied Pirate's rein to a hook in the wall on the shady side of the cabin and slapped the sleek sides with the pride of ownership, Silver watching him meanwhile.

"What do you think of Pirate now?" Ted asked.

"He's a noble horse, boy, a noble horse! When I saw you coming up the trail on his back I had it in my heart to forgive him for stealing Topsy from me," the old man said, smiling oddly.

"Well, he won't steal Topsy again," Ted laughed, "so forgive him this time."

"I believe I will, seeing that it was his thieving propensities that were the cause of his downfall."

"I wish all thieving propensities would end the same way. Now, when cattle thieves, for instance—they just keep straight on," Ted said, drawing his brows together in a frown.

"Have you heard anything definite about them?"

"Nothing more definite than that fifty of uncle's best cattle have disappeared and the Steeles and the Thompsons have lost cattle lately."

"It's a mystery, boy, and yet I don't believe it is such a mystery, either," he mused, half to himself.

"What do you mean, Silver?"

"I mean, boy, that those cattle thieves must have inside information. If they don't live hereabouts, there must be some one who does, who keeps them posted on what's going on."

"I've thought of that, too, Silver. But there isn't a neighbor I could accuse of such a thing—unless it might perhaps be that Mullen tribe; but they haven't nerve enough for that."

"Don't be so sure, boy! They may not have the courage to steal the cattle themselves, but it might pay them to give information that would help the rustlers."

"Say, Silver, do you think a man could

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disguise as a woman well enough to pass—well, say for a cook?"

"It would be easy enough if he had the adaptability to carry it through. A wig and a few petticoats is all he would really need. Have you a suspicious cook in view?"

"Not exactly; but uncle's new cook looks mighty clumsy for a woman, and she can cook only camp-fire grub."

"I've been thinking I ought to tell you something that looks kind of suspicious to me. Yet, there may be nothing in it. It won't do any harm to tell you anyway," Silver said. "But come in out of the sun, boy. It's too hot here." He led the way into the luxurious little cabin, strangely hidden away in these wild, rugged hills.

"This is comfort, Silver." Ted said, dropping into an easy-chair. "When I'm plannin' on that new house for mother I always keep this little cabin in mind."

"There, boy, you've dropped your 'g' again. You haven't done that for a long time now," the old man said, turning towards the window, a strange catch in his voice.

"I do slip the plagued things every once in a while. But for mother's sake, I try to remember," Ted said.

"I see," Silver said, having regained his usual voice. "But how about the new house, now that the steers are gone? Will it have to wait?"

"No, the house is going to arrive all right," Ted replied. "Mother will not be disappointed this time. But what really troubles me is that the money must come from mother's work alone. You see, I kind 'a' feel as though I have done nothing towards it. My time has been given to the cattle and sheep and ranch work. Those twenty-eight steers were all that I had to sell this year. I have a few yearlings, but I'll have to run them over a couple of years yet before they will be fit for the market."

"But you have some sheep to sell, haven't you?"

"No, we want to increase our flock. Sheep are less trouble than cattle, you know, and mature quicker. I have nothing at all to put towards the new house, unless I should sell some of those big redwoods, and mother would never hear of that. She almost worships those big trees."

"I'll tell you what to do, Ted. You know that big redwood tree that stands by itself down on the edge of the range, near Bear Creek? That tree is worth thousands of dollars, I know, for it's pure burl for at least twenty feet from the butt. That would make the richest kind of a finishing for the best rooms in the new house. You could have the window casings and doors and baseboards and such like of the burl. It would be splendid, boy. I doubt if there would be another house in the State that could boast such an elaborate finish. And that would cut the expenses considerable."

"Gee! What an idea! That will be just the thing!" Ted cried with boyish delight.

"And if I were you, Ted, I'd have what is left made into furniture, such as parlor tables, dressers, bookcases and a china closet for the dining-room. Every woman loves a china closet, you know," the old man smiled. "That would be furniture that even a millionaire would hesitate to furnish his home with. You could have the burl cut into thin sheets and have the finishings and furniture veneered. But I'd advise you to have the solid burl. I don't take much stock in this veneer business. It's too much like some people you meet—the show is all on the outside. There is nothing really solid or substantial about it and, like the people who cultivate it, the veneer is apt to drop away and expose the material underneath."

"There'll be no veneer about it, Silver. It will be the solid burl if I can get it, and if not burl, it will be solid something else. That veneer business would gnaw at me like a cankerworm. I'd always be thinking that it wasn't what it seemed. No. It will have to be the real thing, even if it's only poplar," he continued, with a decisive nod.

"That much is settled, then. It will be burl, and the most costly and elaborately finished house for its size in the State, or any other State for that matter," the old man said with satisfaction.

"But it will cost a good deal to do all this, Silver, and I have no money," and the joy died out of the boy's face.

"You will have more than enough for what you will need, boy. It won't cost more than a few dollars to have a couple of twelve-foot lengths taken to the mill on Bear Creek. The furniture had better be made at home. We'll get a good cabinet-maker up here for a couple of weeks. The material is too valuable to cart it about very much."

"But the money, Silver? It will cost money to do all that?" Ted asked in bewilderment.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

## The Last Tenant.

"How do you like your new quarters?" asked Gubbins of Short.

"Pretty well. The only drawback is the character of the last tenant." Short replied. "He has inconvenienced me a great deal."

"I'd run him off the place if I were you," said Gubbins.

"You don't understand. It's this way: I went to the banquet the other night—the one your wife would not permit you to attend—and it was about two o'clock when I started home. As no cars run near my house, I decided to walk. I was feeling especially fine——"

"I believe you! Were you uplifting your voice in song?"

"Nothing like that. You know I never drink a drop, and——"

"I'll make a note of what you say," commented Gubbins.

"I had just got a good start when I heard the sound of wheels and looked around to discover that the patrol wagon was coming."

"And you ran?"

"Yes, ran out into the street and held up the wagon. I asked the driver if he was going in that direction, and when he said he was going quite a distance I consented to get on and ride."

"Your nerve was working adequately, as usual."

"That wasn't nerve, that was being a good fellow. One of the officers told me they were going to catch a slippery customer who had been doing crooked work for a long time and the location of whose residence they had just learned. So we rolled along, and when we got to Jacinto street I thought I would get down, but the wagon swung around the corner into Pearl street, so I stayed with it. The wagon did the same when it got to Bowers avenue, and it finally stopped and backed up to my own house!

"'What in the world are you stopping here for?' I asked.

"'This is where the guy lives,' replied one of the officers.

"'You are crazy,' I told him. 'This is where I live!'"

"That should have settled it."

"It did. Two officers grabbed me at once and in another minute I was inside the wagon looking out. Every time I attempted to explain that I had not lived in the house a week they would give me the laugh and tell me to save my story for the sergeant."

"How did you come out?"

"I came out next morning after half a dozen well-known citizens came to the station to identify me. Even then the officers seemed to think I had played a mean trick on them. Now, I contend that there was no real excuse for their taking me into custody at all."

"Of course not. The fact that a man is a desperate-looking character should be no ex——"

"Go to the dickens!"

* * *

## Might Be Worth It.

There was a certain bishop who had a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he might meet during his country walks. One day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual way of opening a conversation.

"Moindin' swoine," the lad replied stolidly.

The bishop nodded thoughtfully.

"Ah, is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin'," was the reply.

"Only two shillings?" remarked the bishop. Then he continued pleasantly, "I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

The lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute; then he said slowly:

"Mebbe you gets more swoine nor me to moind."

* * *

## Frankness.

"I count myself fortunate," says a Philadelphia minister, "in numbering among my parishioners several who invariably tell me the truth about myself."

"Of a certain worthy but uneducated woman of my flock I asked whether she liked best my written or my unwritten sermons.

"She reflected for a moment, and then replied: 'I like you best without the book, because you keep saying the same thing over and over, and that helps me to remember.'"

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# THE FAIRY CORNER

### A HEART DIVIDED.

I am glad I ain't a man yet, glad I ain't grown up at all;
I am glad to go in swimmin', glad to have my bat an' ball
And a lot o' time to play in; for the girl that lives next door.
On the town side, she gits sweeter than she ever was before;
An' her hair it gits more yellow, and her eyes a deeper blue,
An' her cheeks an' lips is redder than a red rose wet with dew.
An' I know she sort of likes me, for she smiles so when we meet,
An' I always git a bite of anything she's got to eat.

Yes, she's sweet an' just as pretty as a little chiny vase,
An' there ain't a freckle on her, an' there's dimples in her face,
An' her hands has little dimples on her knuckles, one on each,
An' one time my daddy said she was a "dainty little peach,"
An' he wished I had a sister just like her, an' ma did, too;
An' that sort of set me thinkin' in the way I sometimes do.
An' I felt a great big gladness that she wasn't any kin—
I know kids that have got sisters, an' they're always buttin' in.

On the side that's near the country there is Sophonisba, too;
She's the gladdest harum-scarum girl that I have ever knew!
Her pug nose is full o' freckles an' her mouth's so big an' wide
That whenever she is smiling you can see each tooth inside,
But they're awful white an' even; an' a dimple's in her chin.
An' her hair is awful twisty—can't no ribbon keep it in—
An' her hands is brown as mine is, an' she never wears a lid,
An' she walks on top o' fences, an' she always calls me "Kid."

So I'm glad I'm just a boy yet an' can be friends with the two;
If I had to choose between 'em I don't know what I should do;
An' dad says that I would have to, though he doesn't tell me why—
Sometimes I want bread and butter an' there's times that I want pie.
So I pick bouquets o' flowers for the girl with yellow hair
An' I help Sophonisba fix some water on the stair
Where the cook will step right in it an' come downstairs like a ton—
An' I'm warm for Sophonisba when I grab her hand and run!

❧

## The Owl's Story.

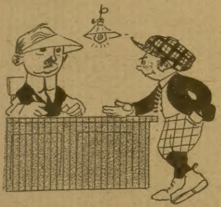
In a lonely field stood the old hay barn. There was a small hole under one of the eaves, known only to three little owls, and on a wild winter's day they crept behind the fringe of icicles and flew into the barn. There they nestled together on a broad beam, and listened to the frozen sleet strike the shingles like tiny bullets. They heard the great storm shake and press at the doors, until they cried out, who, whoo, whooo. And the storm wailed, you, youu, youuu! as it whirled around in long sheets of snow. This made the owls afraid to go out, so they nestled closer and told stories to pass the time away.

"The Story of the New Shoes" was the first. It was told by the owl with long feathers on his legs. He told how, in the summer, he had stayed for a long time around the little, low house, near the wood, and how one evening as he perched on the woodbine that grew over the window he had heard them all talking inside—father, mother, little girl and boy—all talking about the picnic, and how the little boy had no shoes to wear. The father and mother thought perhaps he might have new ones. Oh, how the little boy listened as they talked it over! And how happy he was the next evening when the shoes came home! On the day after that he wore the shoes as he walked into the village, for his mother must have spice to make a cake for the picnic, and the boy was going all alone to buy it. He felt quite his age, now—7 years. The owl sat on a tree in the woods as the little boy walked through. Owls can see very little in the daytime, even in the dusky woods, but, leaning over as well as he could, he saw the new shoes. They were so new and black and could speak in two ways!

He watched the little boy as far as he could be seen. It was early in the afternoon then, but he took several naps and it was getting quite late and still. The boy did not come back. So the owl began to hoot a little, just for a change. He was so busy hooting that he did not see the little boy running swiftly along the path, his new shoes tied by the strings around his neck, for part of the way had been very muddy. As soon as the boy came near the owl's tree he stopped.

There was the very owl he had heard every evening and now he was so near perhaps he might catch him. He ran softly over the moss and put his shoes at the foot of a tree, close to a sharp stone that would mark the place. Then he began to wonder how he could climb the tree where the owl perched. The owl wondered, too, so he just flitted quietly out of it and into another. Then the boy ran under that, and so he and the owl played hide and seek for some time.

At last the little boy lost the owl and thought he would find his shoes. Where was the tree with the sharp stone. At first he was so sure of finding it that he did not hurry much, but looked about from tree to tree, thinking the next one would be the right one. After a while he walked faster and faster until he was running around panting for breath, and so frightened about his shoes!



Man at Desk—"How much do you want per week?"

New Boy—"T'ree dollars fer regular office work or five if y' want me t' talk baseball with you."

The wood was getting full of shadows now, although long beams of golden sunshine came through in places. But the sun was going down and soon it would be all shade and no sunbeam. The little boy gave up and sat down on an old mossy log. Before this he had kept the tears back so that he could search for the shoes. Now he sat on the log, bent his head, and with his hands over his face gave a long trembling cry.

The owl heard it, although he had gone sound asleep in the tree where the little boy first disturbed him. But, even so, he awoke with a start and wondered what was the matter. He could not understand, and so he began to hoot.

The little boy heard him, wiped his eyes on his sleeve and ran as fast as he could toward the tree where the hooting came from. He felt sure his shoes were near it, and so they were. There was the sharp stone and near it the shoes with the stockings inside and the package of spice beside them on the ground. He put on his shoes, tying them so tightly that he could not lose them again. It was late and he could not help looking around a little to see how dark the wood was growing. All at once he heard some one talking and far down the way saw his father, mother and little sister.

They were so glad to find him and the boy could hardly keep the tears back, as he told them how nearly he had lost his new shoes.

The little sister's hair was done up so tightly in curl papers, in order to be fine for the picnic, that she could hardly shut her eyes, and she had been winking them all the way to keep them limber. But as she listened to her brother's story she kept her eyes and her mouth wide open.

As soon as the little boy saw his father he began to feel very tired. So his father carried him most of the way home, while the mother and sister dragged long pieces of dry wood behind them, so that they might have a hot oven.

The owl flew softly behind them, stopping now and then in a tree when they seemed to look around. The last tree he came to was very near the windows of the little low house, and from there he could see them bustling about, making the cake.

After supper the children went to bed. The little boy tried to watch his mother as she laid out his best clothes, to be worn to the picnic the next morning. But his eyelashes kept falling down on his round cheeks.

A cool breeze came from somewhere, and swung the branches of the tree outside the window. It ruffled the owl's feathers and gently waved the curtain. The mother drew the blanket over the little boy and kissed him.

"Good night, Tommy Two-Shoes," said she.

❧

### Minnie's Breakfast.

A trained elephant, performing at a summer resort, was eating from the hand of a man and in search of more peanuts she playfully slipped the end of her trunk, covered with saliva, over the man's entire hand. When she withdrew it she took a $450 diamond ring along and nobody could keep her from throwing it into her yawning mouth. How was that ring to be located? A look at Minnie's huge bulk reminded one of a needle in a haystack. Finally as the elephant lay on her side her body was marked off into seven sections and an X-ray photograph was taken of each. The ring fortunately appeared in section one. It had stuck in Minnie's throat, where it could easily be reached by the probe of the veterinary surgeon. It was easily recovered and Minnie was none the worse for her strange experience.

❧

### LONELY.

A sad little girl sat under a tree.
"I'm so lonely, so lonely, so lonely!" sighed she.
"Oh, why won't somebody play with me?"
But no one came but a green froggie.
"Doncher grump, doncher grump, doncher grump!" said he.

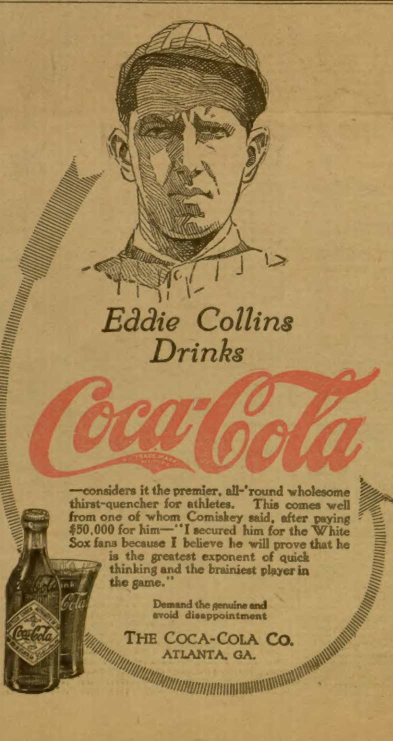
The sad little girl sat under the tree.
"But what shall I do to be gay?" sighed she.
"I wish somebody would please tell me!"
And no one did—but a bumblebee.
"Be bizzee, be bizzee, be bizzee!" said he.

❧

### Talking Shoes.

The South Sea islanders are very proud if they can get hold of a pair of European shoes. They are especially gratified if they can get a pair that squeak, or as they call it, "shoes which talk."

One, in fact, came into church with the shoes merrily a-squeak. He walked proudly to the front, then, removing his shoes, dropped them out of the window. In a moment his wife had the pleasure of also coming in with the "talking shoes."



Eddie Collins
Drinks
Coca-Cola

—considers it the premier, all-'round wholesome thirst-quencher for athletes. This comes well from one of whom Comiskey said, after paying $50,000 for him—"I secured him for the White Sox fans because I believe he will prove that he is the greatest exponent of quick thinking and the brainiest player in the game."

Demand the genuine and
avoid disappointment

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

# The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

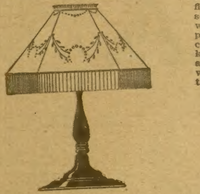
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

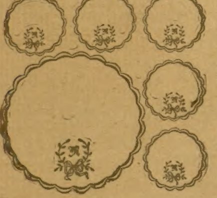
Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $3.00 the year.



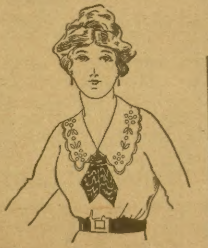
No. 4071, Lampshade.

**NO. 4071, LAMPSHADE**—How many times have you looked with envy at the beautiful lampshade made by one of your friends? Here is your opportunity to get one of these latest design lampshades. This one is stamped on white Irish linen and six skeins of mercerized floss are sent you to work the design. Given for a year's subscription to the Blade and the Ledger at $2.00.



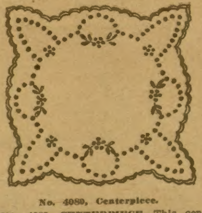
No. 4063, Table Set.

**NO. 4083, TABLE SET**—This lovely set consists of a 12-inch centerpiece and five doilies 5½x5½ inches. The entire set of six pieces is stamped on pure white Irish linen. Included is a complete set of initials and six skeins of cotton floss for working the design. We know you will be pleased with this set and it is an unusually big premium value. Sent for a year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00.



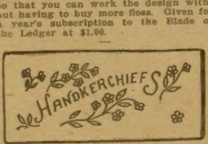
No. 4074, Irish Linen Collar.

**NO. 4074, IRISH LINEN COLLAR**—In the illustration you get a very good idea of how this collar will look after you have finished it, and it is ready for wear. This collar is distinctly stamped ready to be embroidered and the quality of the material is a genuine Irish linen. Four skeins of white mercerized floss are sent you so that you can start embroidering it immediately. Given for a year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00.



No. 4080, Centerpiece.

**NO. 4080, CENTERPIECE**—This centerpiece is made of genuine white Irish linen. The design is plainly stamped on it and the size is 18x18 inches. Four skeins of mercerized floss are included so that you can work the design without having to buy more floss. Given for a year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00.



No. 4025, Handkerchief Case.

**NO. 4035, HANDKERCHIEF CASE**—Here is an article that will be welcome, for every one needs a handkerchief case. The material is white Irish linen and the design stamped thereon is simple and yet very neat. We send you four skeins of mercerized floss with the offer for a year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00.

* * *

Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection" says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Ala. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Actoids", and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-kamnia Tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Anti-kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

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A little beauty. Covered with Im. Morocco Leather. Outfit contains 1 pkge. each developer, hypo-sensitive paper and card mounts, 1 printing clip, 1 orange paper and full instructions. FREE to introduce our paper Everyday Life. Send only 25c and we will send our paper 1 year and this camera free. 3 outfits and 3 yrs. for 60c. W. M. Co. 337 W. Madison St. 5C51 Chicago

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## A Heavy Load.

The Emperor of Germany has always been an enthusiastic sportsman, and does not like to see his game get away. An incident which a German paper recorded as of somewhat recent occurrence shows that he is capable of waiving his dignity to prevent that calamity.

Some years ago the Emperor was hunting at Belleye, accompanied by his head gamekeeper only. The Emperor succeeded in wounding a superb stag, which after the shot, threw itself into a reedy pond, where it was out of range of the Emperor's rifle. There was no boat with which to go out after the animal. In this predicament the Emperor looked about, and saw a large oak tree which overlooked the pond, and from which the stag might be shot. But the Emperor's withered arm does not permit him to climb trees, so he commanded the gamekeeper to "shin" the tree and shoot the stag. This the man tried to do, but he was so heavy and clumsy that he could not up into the tree. He tried to do so two or three times, and, failing, was astonished to see the Emperor stoop down like one who is preparing to play leapfrog, and to hear him say:

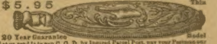
"Climb on my back!"

The gamekeeper mounted the Emperor's back, alongside the trunk of the oak; the Emperor straightened up, and the gamekeeper was then able to reach the nearest branch and lift himself up into the tree. The result was that the Emperor got his stag; but he afterward laughed a great deal about the incident, averring that his whole empire had never weighed so heavily on his shoulders as that gamekeeper weighed.

* * *

The really conceited man is the whole parade when walking alone.

If I Send You this Suit made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.
Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say "*Send me your special offer,*" I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.
Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO. DEPT. 46 CHICAGO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Elegant solid Gold filled 21 Ruby Jewel latest railroad model, timed, tested, and regulated. Worth $25 to anyone who requires an absolutely accurate time-keeper. Movement stamped 21 jewels, 20 year guarantee stamped in case.
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Let us send it to you C. O. D. by Insured Parcel Post, pay your Postman our special price $5.95 when you receive the watch and our legal binding Guarantee [illegible] guaranteed or money refunded. Mention open face or hunting style. ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 19 B CHICAGO, ILL.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves any season, if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. J. F. Gregory, Dept. 38 St. Louis, Mo

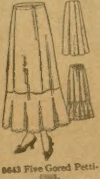
BASEBALL CURVER Fits the hand, cannot be seen, can throw Big Wide curves. Also our illustrated booklet How to Pitch. Both for 10c Stamps or coin ARDEA Co., Box H, Stamford, Conn.

# PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

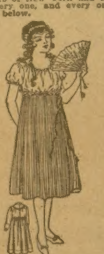
## Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

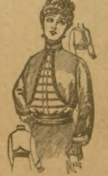
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



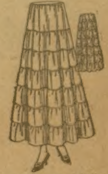
8643 Five Gored Petticoat, 16 and 18 years.



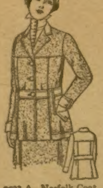
8636-A Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.



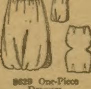
8630 Blouse with Bolero Effect, 34 to 42 bust.



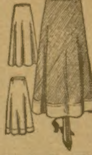
8648 Sectional Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.



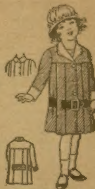
8633-A Norfolk Coat, 34 to 40 bust.



8629 One-Piece Drawers, 24 to 30 waist.



8628 Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



8656 Child's Norfolk Coat, 4 to 8 years.

### HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

........................ CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ........................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME..........................................................................
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This is a.......................Subscription. State..........................
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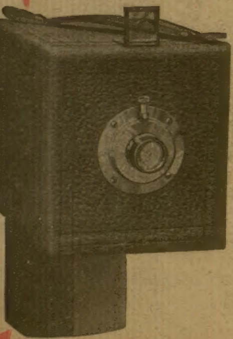
If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

# No Money In Advance

# This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE TRIAL!



Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So **you must send for it quick!** Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

## Takes and Makes Finished Pictures INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in **one minute** take out a **perfect, finished** post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

## No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

## We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you ten days to test it. If not satisfactory return at our expense. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $5 is paid.

## Easy Payments–No Reference

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and send coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun and big profits.

## No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

**Chicago Ferrotype Company,**
**Desk 26 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

### WOULDN'T TAKE $50 FOR MY "MANDEL-ETTE"

I received the "Mandel-ette" Camera yesterday and am well pleased with it. Learned how to make good pictures in an hour and would not take $50 for it if I could not get another one.

Alfred L. Dustman, Berlin Center, Ohio.

### IT'S A WONDER

The "Mandel-ette" safely at hand, and I am getting fine pictures "first crack out of the box." It's a wonder and I anticipate much pleasure in operating it.

W. H. Starkweather,
Wisconsin Veterans' Home, Wis.

### $14 IN 5 HOURS

The "Mandel-ette" Camera I got from you some time ago is a wonder. I took in $14 in about five hours with it on the 4th.

C. A. Sund, Blabon, N. Dak.

### EVERYBODY LIKES IT

I received my "Mandel-ette" some time ago. It was in good shape and everything O. K. I am well pleased with it. Everybody likes it.

A. A. Newhall, Surf, Calif.

### BEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

I am so well pleased with the "Mandel-ette" that I would not take $25 for it if I could not get another like it. I know that when people learn the "Mandel-ette" process they will never be satisfied with the old plate and film cameras and there will be a big demand for the best camera in the world, "Mandel-ette."

A. H. Hoffman, Wildomar, Calif.

### SURELY A WONDER

Received "Mandel-ette" as per agreement, and gentlemen, I wish to express my gratitude, most fully, for your prompt attention to my request.

I have already taken a few pictures with your camera, and I am forced to admit, that your so called "Mandel-ette" is most surely a Wonder. Arthur Hawthorn Lee,
Coalspur, Alberta

### FINE RESULTS AT FIRST ATTEMPT

I received the camera all O. K. and I was surprised to see the results of the first attempts I made to turn out a photo. The "Mandel-ette" is one certainly worth the money and will do all you claim for it and even more. James Colyer, Monroe, Iowa.

### GREAT PLEASURE WITH HIS

The Camera is certainly a dandy. I was surprised to know that it could take a photo so fast. I have had great pleasure with it. Everybody thinks it is the only thing.

Fred Witte, Central Point, Oregon

### REMARKABLY CLEAR PICTURES

I received the "Mandel-ette" some time ago and am having all kinds of fun with it. It takes remarkably clear pictures. The "Mandel-ette" needs no recommendation. I just show the pictures to my friends and they all understand at once what a fine camera it is.

Gertrude E. Gesler, Bangor, Wis.

### CAN'T BE BEAT

I beg to thank you for your "Mandel-ette". I got it all right. It is a daisy. The machine can't be beat, there is nothing like it.

James McDowell, Bismark, Mo.

### PLEASED

Received my "Mandel-ette" on Saturday and am well pleased with it. I have never taken a camera or kodak picture before but my pictures were good. I would recommend the "Mandel-ette" to anybody wanting a good, inexpensive camera.

Margaret Smithe, Dexter, Mo.

### $8 IN 4 HOURS—COULD HAVE MADE MORE

I got the "Mandel-ette" on Friday evening and started work on Saturday morning. Made $8 the first four hours and run out of cards. Could have made that much more if I had cards. Harry Singleton, Claysburg, Pa.

### PICTURES A SURPRISE

Am well pleased with the "Mandel-ette". Had no previous experience with cameras or kodaks before but found the "Mandel-ette" very easy to operate. It does all you claim for it—the "One Minute" pictures are a surprise to everyone. Thank you for your promptness in sending the camera and supplies.

Mrs. Anna Hegner, Beaver Falls, Pa.

### SURPRISED ABBOTT

I received my "Mandel-ette" and full equipment in fine condition. Have made several pictures, which surprised me, they being so natural. I have no knowledge of photography whatever, but made fine pictures at first attempt.

I expect to have lots of fun with my "Mandel-ette" in the future.

Horace B. Abbot, Beaukiss, Texas

---

**Chicago Ferrotype Co.,**
**Desk 26 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Send me at once complete model Mandel-ette outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied pay you $1 a month until your special price of $5 is paid, otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days at your expense.

Name ........................................

Street and No ........................................

Town.................................... State........................